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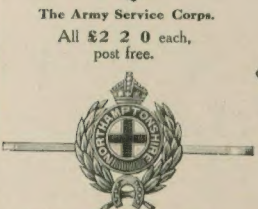
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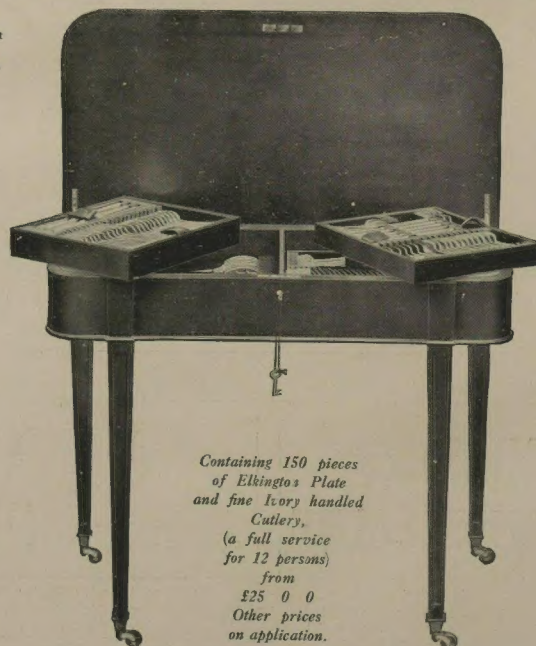
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SUMMER NUMBER.

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SUMMER IN ALSACE (1915)
DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

OUR entrance into the eleventh month of the war also marked the opening of quite a new epoch in the war by the formation of a National Ministry and its implied mobilisation of all the forces of the country—industrial as well as military—to carry the thing through to a successful issue.

There were three things, in particular, which greatly heartened the nation at the outset of this new war-epoch. One was the four-days' visit which Mr. Asquith paid to our fighting army at the front, which must have convinced it that its welfare is the country's highest care, and that everything it wants shall be readily given it in fullest measure. Another was the visit of Mr. Lloyd George to our industrial army in Lancashire so as to establish complete co-operation between it and its fellow-combatants in the field. "At last," said our Minister of Munitions with a sigh of relief, on returning home, "I believe that things are going all right. I feel the machine beginning to move"—another way of putting Galileo's "*Eppur si muove*."

The third great heartening thing was Mr. Churchill's visit to Dundee, where, as always elsewhere, he overflowed with hope and encouragement to the doubting and the faint-hearted, and painted our naval situation in colours as roscate as they were new—more especially with regard to the Dardanelles and the tremendous struggle now going on there, far more desperate and bloody than any of our recent encounters in Flanders. "The Army of Sir Ian Hamilton," he said, "and the Fleet of Admiral de Robeck are separated only by a few miles from a victory such as this war has not yet seen," which was said in a figurative sort of way; and, even on the day before the delivering of this speech—though as yet unknown to the speaker himself—our forces in the Gallipoli Peninsula—Regulars, Territorials, Naval Division, Indians, Australasians, French, and French Colonials—had made another general assault on the Turkish lines with varying fortune, though the general result was an Allied gain of 500 yards along a front of nearly three miles.

"Separated," said Mr. Churchill, "only by a few miles from a victory such as the war has not yet seen." But the same may also be said of the few miles which separate us from Lille, Arras, and Lens, and others of our objectives in France and Flanders. The Germans also may be said to be only separated by a few miles from Dunkirk and Calais; but it is the insurmountable nature of the various obstacles intervening between them and us and the several goals of our military ambition which makes the progress of the war so slow, so very slow.

Throughout the whole theatre of war there is probably no position so strong by nature and military art combined as that of the Turks on the Gallipoli Peninsula; and it says marvels for the dash and endurance of the Allied troops—among whom the Australasians, *consensu omnium*, hold a foremost place—that they have already made such splendid headway, and in so short a time, against their formidable foes—foes of the kind, be it ever remembered, who held the Russians so long at bay in front of Plevna. Still, we possess this very considerable pull over the Russians of that time—1877—that they were unable to supplement their assault on Osman Pasha's land-lines, as we are now doing in the Dardanelles, by bombardment from the sea, as well as by sending up our daring submarines into the Sea of Marmora itself to sink Turkish transports carrying troops from the Asiatic to the European side. The Germans have done nothing more audacious than this.

"The struggle will be heavy, the risks numerous, the losses cruel; but victory when it comes, will make amends for all." So spoke Mr. Churchill with especial reference to the Dardanelles; and the words had not been long across "the barrier of his teeth" when we were confronted with the latest casualty list of 80 officers and 5500 men for the war on all our fronts which brought up the week's record to something over 15,000 officers and men. "And these losses," as pointed out by one prominent critic, "it should be borne in mind, have not been suffered in a great action which would bring us appreciably nearer to the termination of the struggle—but were only the ordinary wastage of the war as it is now being prosecuted."

While Joffre—and French, too, for the matter of that—continue to "nibble" at the Germans in the West, Hindenburg and Mackensen, on the Eastern front, have been opening their mouths very wide—as Germans generally do when they eat—and gulping down such very important morsels as Przemyśl—seizing it back from its Russian captors, and swallowing it whole before their very eyes—this rolling back the tide of Muscovite invasion in Galicia to a very considerable and disquieting extent.

But, after all, Przemyśl has not the same military value now as it had before its first capture by the Russians, seeing that its forts were all blown up and its guns destroyed. It is no longer a fortress, but only a *point d'appui*, though, all the same, its recovery by the Austrians is a distinct set-back to the Allied cause—but one, nevertheless, that is more than off-set by the entry into the field of the Italians, who, so far, have been doing their work extremely well. Hindenburg himself has admitted that the intervention of Italy will prolong the war, "but of this," he added, "I am fully convinced that it cannot alter the final issue"—which only shows that Germany's most popular soldier is much more of a pugilist than a prophet; and he looks it, too.

Unable to do anything seriously against us on land, the Germans have been redoubling their hostile activity under the salt-sea water and in the circumambient air—though without notable results in either element, more especially the latter, where three airship raids on our East and South-East Coasts only entailed the deaths of about a dozen persons, and four times that number wounded, though the military value of this massacre was nil. How different our destruction of the German airship shed near Brussels, as well as of a Zeppelin between Ghent and Brussels by a young flight-officer, Lieut. Warford, R.N., one of the finest feats of its kind, and hitherto unprecedented throughout the war.

LONDON: JUNE 8, 1915.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

A PARABLE in colour, our Supplement suggests in vivid fashion the unanimity of five great nations allied in a common cause, although differing in their characteristics, as do their dogs. The sixth of the Allies had not joined the great league when the picture was painted, or the graceful Italian greyhound would have added charm to the fascinating group. It is not all of these canine representatives who suggest "dogs of war," but dog-lovers will welcome so fine a specimen of Miss Maud Earl's art for its own sake, as well as for its topical significance. Miss Maud Earl, it will be remembered, painted the touching picture of King Edward's favourite terrier and constant companion, Caesar, which we presented to our readers at the time of the death of his late Majesty; and she is to-day the feminine counterpart of what Sir Edwin Landseer was in the Victorian Era, inimitable and unapproachable as an animal-painter. But, our Supplement speaks for itself, and our readers will, we are sure, be glad to possess and preserve it as a unique souvenir of the great world-war.

THE FIRST-AID NURSING YEOMANRY CORPS.

EXCELLENT work is being done on active service by the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps (usually known as the F.A.N.Y.), under whose auspices an entertainment was arranged at the Carlton Hotel on the 8th in aid of the Belgian Hospital Lamarcq at Calais, Princess Clementine Napoleon giving her patronage for the occasion. The first detachment of the corps, comprising six trained nurses and ten assistants, went over to Calais last October, and were entrusted by the Belgian Military Medical Service with the nursing in the annexe of the Military Hospital. This annexe, formerly the Ecole de Lamarcq, was converted by the F.A.N.Y. into a hospital of six wards with about a hundred beds, fifty each being assigned to wounded and typhoid cases. They also established a small convalescent hospital at St. Ingilvert, near Calais, accommodating sixteen patients recovering from typhoid. The corps has a fleet of motor-ambulances, which take clothing for the soldiers to the front, and return with wounded. One such ambulance has been sent to a convalescent camp in Brittany. In order to carry on and extend its work, the corps is in need both of funds and of gifts in kind. The expenses are at least £50 a week, and an earnest appeal, to which we feel sure many of our readers will respond, is now being made to raise £1000 to enable the work to be conducted for the next few months without financial anxiety. Remittances made payable to the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, and crossed "Parr's Bank, Earl's Court Road, London, S.W.," may be sent to the Hon. Sec., F.A.N.Y., 192, Earl's Court Road, London, S.W. Among other things the corps is in need of a roomy motor-car for sitting patients. They also wish to develop their motor-kitchen work, and they hope before long to establish a larger hospital in Belgium. It should be mentioned that the staff are nearly all voluntary workers. Several members have been in charge of an advance dressing-station behind the firing-line at Ostkerke and elsewhere. Three have been decorated for their services with the Order of Leopold II.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ARMAGEDDON." AT THE NEW THEATRE.

THERE are moments of Mr. Stephen Phillips's drama not unworthy of its majestic subject; and to say that is to say much. What poet, what playwright, especially in the mid-career of such a war as this which afflicts the world, could hope to do more than touch the fringe of its argument? Necessarily the play Mr. Phillips offers us is a play of tableaux, each scene opening up one of its many vistas of tragedy or even comedy, and, of course, the author's selection is open to attack. Why bring in Satan and the Miltonic machinery of Hell and the shade of Attila as the devil's emissary to stir up strife on the earth, some will say, when Armageddon has bred its own fiends and its special devilities? Why choose Rheims, it may be asked, and not Louvain as a sample of Hunnish barbarism, and make French peasants and not Belgians the martyrs of militarism gone mad? Why treat so conventionally with country-house setting and mother assuring sweetheart that no grief can equal hers, critics may complain, England's loss of its gallant youngsters? Why make cheap fun, there will be others to protest, out of the humours of a German Press-Bureau and its lie-manufacture? Why, again, suppose—in the Cologne scene which pictures the future—we might urge, that our Allies of Belgium and France will need the restraining force of England to prevent them from retaliating on Germany in her coin? But, after all, it is not to be expected that even a poet can escape reflecting the journalism of the hour, or rise much above the sentiments of the man in the street. Mr. Phillips, however, gives us moving rhetoric—as, for instance, when the Belgian General recalls the agonies of his land, or Attila describes the spirit that baffled him, or Joan of Arc preaches a gospel of gentleness. And whatever the play may lack in breadth or inspiration, there is no one but must succumb to the happy ideas of its stage-management. The lighting of the groups in the Hell tableaux and the drooping of Satan's wings to mark his failure, the cannon-burst which kills a roomful of German soldiers, some still in standing posture, after they have sung their country's hymn—why, a Rembrandt might have been proud of these. And there is good acting—of Mr. Harvey's in no less than three rôles, including Satan; of Mr. Glenney, Mr. Fisher White, Mr. Franklin Dyall, Miss Mary Rorke, and Mr. Sass. So that, apart from its theme, "Armageddon" should win the popular suffrage.

"THE HILLARYS." AT THE CRITERION.

It is pleasant to have a posthumous play of Stanley Houghton's, which his friend Mr. Harold Brighouse has finished off just in the right mood, to remind our London public of one of the most promising—but, alas! no longer active—members of its dramatists' craft. This is not the Houghton of "Hindle Wakes" or "The Younger Generation" that we meet in "The Hillarlys." He does not handle their social problems with the grasp of local dialect and conditions which made those pieces a vital contribution to the drama of the moment. Instead, he offers us comedy of that artificial type to which the late St. John Hankin's cynical touch lent an air of novelty. Mr. Houghton's country-house story of a family which deplored its heir's infatuation for a governess, and got his bachelor uncle to draw off the dangerous fire, and then was surprised by the girl's resolve to have nothing to do with either of her swains, copies in its tone only too exactly "The Cassilis Engagement." There is plenty of wit in the writing; there is cleverness in Miss Irene Rorke's portrayal of the governess; Mr. Milton Rosmer is shamelessly and most piquantly worldly as the uncle; Miss Claire Fauncefort makes the most laughably muddled old lady; and the total effect is a very amusing entertainment, which really we are badly in need of these war times.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE." AT THE SAVOY.

Just a piece of nonsense, but how deliciously turned! That is one's verdict on Messrs. Macdonald Hastings and Eden Philpotts' fantastic little comedy, "The Angel in the House," which, by the way, gives Mr. H. B. Irving one of the happiest character-rôles he has been blessed with in his career. The play is of the genre which conquers you by the sheer humorous audacity of its situations, and of the figure who brings them, as it were, automatically into existence. Hyacinth Petaval is "the angel in the house," and will delight you from his first entry, though he is the sort of person whom it is pleasanter to watch working his charms elsewhere than in your own home. Apparently self-effacing and full of benevolence, he contrives within a short time of his arrival among the Bindloss girls and their old fogey of a father to annex all the comforts to himself and set the whole household by the ears. He knows so much better than his friends what is good for them, and such a way has he with him that he calmly rearranges the girls' love-affairs and saddles their parent with a prospective wife. How are you to get rid of such a middle-aged imp of mischief? He is only vulnerable at one point—his horror of damp and chills and discomfort. Hence you plant him on a river island and isolate him with the woman who is attached to him, and let him shiver till he borrows her flannel petticoat to keep himself warm. Then you have disposed of him by the simple expedient of marriage, and your house is your own once more. Mr. Irving has to be seen as Hyacinth before the fun of the playwright's idea can be properly appreciated.

Among new books of verse that have reached us two deserve a passing mention. There is a quaint touch of childishness about "A Bird of Paradise; and Other Poems," by William H. Davies (Methuen). He writes of grown-up themes and interests rather in the style of "A Child's Garden of Verses." He has something of Herrick's sketchy brevity, and his love of rustic things. The poems are curious and original. Love of the country and the open air sounds also in "Songs from the Clay," by James Stephens (Macmillan). These, too, are sketches, but in a different manner—less whimsical, more serious. Sketches in verse need to be very good to be attractive, else they tend to become inconsequent. Neither of these two books entirely escapes this danger.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A VERY charming Tory lady happened to say to me the other day, "But we shall never get Conscription if we don't get it now." Personally, I do not doubt, she was as patriotic as anybody else; but what she said was, *par excellence*, the essentially unpatriotic thing. It is as anti-national as the similar sentiment on the other political "side," that Total Prohibition should be enforced now, simply because no sane people would ever dream of enforcing it at any other time. At this moment a patriot will not wish to get Conscription or to get Teetotalism or to get anything else, except the better of the Germans. Whether Conscription will help or hinder us in that is a matter for the authorities; and a very difficult matter even for them. If they want it we must give it them, not because they are the best conceivable people who could decide, but because they are the only people who can decide. If we are always whining for a man with "a genius for governing," we are simply proving ourselves destitute of an equally noble gift—a genius for being governed. If the doctor whom I have asked to save my life tells me he cannot save my leg, it must be amputated. But if he enters with a smile and a large knife, and says "You will never have any amputation if you don't have it now," my legs will recover their normal capacity either for kicking him downstairs or for running away. After that I will write him a long and friendly letter setting forth my philosophical position; explaining that I like my leg regarded as a case and not merely as an opportunity; and even offering to go without the pleasures of amputation altogether rather than merely exchange a limb for an experience.

When we come to the stage of decision we must do as we are told, as every democracy in the world is doing; and the firmer the democracy the firmer the discipline. But while we are at the stage of taking counsel we cannot do better than consider carefully all the elements of the situation, but especially the less obvious and the less hackneyed ones. In military affairs, as much as in any other affairs, there is such a thing as more haste and less speed, such a thing as too many cooks spoiling the broth, such a thing as asking too much and therefore getting too little—above all, such a thing as a deadly ignorance of the sort of people one is dealing with. Taking hold of a gun by the wrong end and pointing the butt at the enemy is not more mistaken than taking hold of a man by the wrong end and pointing his thoughts towards what repels him in war rather than what inspires him. We see this fatal error in the Prussians themselves, who sat down to deduce the conduct of Irishmen, Belgians, Italians, Americans, as if they were simply units in a calculation; the result of which was a series of the wildest and worst guesses that men ever made about men. Especially and supremely the Germans were ignorant of the English. I hope we shall not have to say that the English were ignorant of the English also.

Now amid all the current talk about Conscription there is one human and historical fact to be remembered which millionaires of the hustling type do not remember simply because they do not know. It is always best in emergency to rely upon habit. Custom does not make people slow; it makes them quick. There may be ninety-nine ingenious and elegant ways of putting on one's boots; but if it is necessary to put on one's boots to catch a train it is better to put them on as one usually puts them on, simply because it will take less time and will avoid any unexpected hitch. People called upon suddenly to fight will fight

best in some way that they know, as a man threatened with the blow of a cudgel will ward it off with his arm and not with his leg. The English have done as much fighting as any people in Europe, but they have always done it in a particular way of their own. They have always been represented by a strong but comparatively small body which, acting with allies, has more than once turned the whole fortune in the European field. The position of the officer towards his men has not the inhuman superiority of the German, nor the realistic utilitarianism of the French. It is, in its strength and weakness, the peculiar English relation between the gentleman and the "man." The bond between them is not militarism,

But our military memories have not been of that kind, simply because they have not been on that scale. In our best fighting there has always been an idea of individual adventure, as there has been in our colonising. The average English workman understands the idea of his son running away to sea. He obscurely sympathises with the son; he probably expects him to come back an Admiral. He understands the dignity of the village ne'er-do-weel, or even the village idiot, when he goes off with the recruiting sergeant covered with ribbons: he already sees the young man covered all over with Victoria Crosses. But the average English workman would not understand compulsion if it were called compulsion; and if it came from the correct officials of the State he would dislike it all the more. He does not care about the State, though he cares a great deal about the country. It was probably in reference to this rather accidental way of doing things that a somewhat acid Irishman, the great Duke of Wellington, said the English Army was the scum of the earth. But he knew as well as anybody that this extraordinary hotch-potch of amateurs and tramps and jail-birds could hold out with a heroism of their own; and they held out longer than even he expected. And I gravely doubt whether Wellington, in the middle of the war or on the eve of inevitable battles, would have exchanged the scum of the earth for the salt of the earth that filled the armies of France.



Photo. Birrell.

THE BRITISH AIRMAN WHO BOMBED AND DESTROYED A ZEPPELIN BETWEEN GHENT AND BRUSSELS: FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT R. A. J. WARNEFORD, R.N.

The Admiralty reported on June 7: "At 3 a.m. this morning Flight Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warnford, R.N., attacked a Zeppelin in the air between Ghent and Brussels at 6000 feet. He dropped six bombs and the airship exploded, fell to the ground, and burned for a considerable time. The force of the explosion caused the Morane monoplane to turn upside down. The pilot succeeded in righting the machine, but had to make a forced landing in the enemy's country. However, he was able to restart his engine and returned safely to the aerodrome." To date, this is the most sensational flying feat of the Great War. Mr. Warnford, who was born in India in 1891, had his first lesson, at Hendon, on February 21. He took his certificate as recently as March 15, and finally qualified on May 7.

but rather sport. To that relation a certain insular sense of freedom is quite essential. There may be snobishness in it, and not a little sentimentality; but avowed and ticketed slavery is against its very nature. Now the great Continental nations do not feel that there is any slavery in coercion by the State, and that for a very simple reason. The peoples who have great armies for great frontiers have again and again defended those frontiers with a universal valour which could not be enforced, any more than it could be purchased. They have, therefore, heroic memories of conscript armies. A soldier of the Revolution was forced, but he did not feel forced—

Or all the shouting boys in Lombardy
Behind the young Napoleon charging through.

To show that the point is purely practical, being concerned with an alteration in armies actually in their full activity, I will take it as affecting an ideal of my own. I believe that pure Democracy is the manliest government for men. I think it has proved itself so in the places where it has been rooted already. Mere reactionaries who say that democracies cannot govern or fight must explain as best they can the example of modern France, where practically nobody is talking nonsense, simply because the whole French people does not want any nonsense talked. But if the British authorities tried to turn Britain into a pure democracy between the last German cannonade and the next one I should think they had taken leave of their senses. To produce a society with a Citizen Smith-Dorrien and a Citizen Thomas Atkins, to prevent the poor from saying "Sir" to the rich or to make the rich say "Sir" to the poor, to dig out of the mind of a yokel the idea that the best thing on earth is to be a gentleman—is a thing that simply could not be done to or by a nation at war. Taken unawares, with all her vulgarities and generousities, all her living instincts and dead anomalies upon her, this poor old country of ours is fighting with such weapons as she can handle against something whose sins seem scarcely human. We need all that history and social habit can give to steady us. The English must simply be English until England finds deliverance, merely because they must be sane until this insane period has passed.

There is one other consideration which I will put in as material for a decision, though this also is on the side least represented in our Press. When the English borrow from foreigners, especially from Germans, some scheme of social discipline, they have an unfortunate habit of turning it into something else, something that is not only unpopular but impractical. Twice in recent times they thus copied. The first case was Compulsory Education; the second case was Compulsory Insurance. I do not think either of the examples encouraging.

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MR. ASQUITH AT THE FRONT: THE PREMIER VISITED BY GENERAL JOFFRE DURING HIS STAY IN FRANCE.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH LINES: MR. ASQUITH ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MEETING WITH THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND THE MINISTER OF WAR.

Mr. Asquith arrived at the British Headquarters, as the guest of Sir John French, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 30, and left at 3 p.m. on Thursday, June 3. During his visit the Prime Minister had a conference, which lasted for about half an hour, with General Joffre, General Foch, and M. Millerand, the French Minister of War. In the photograph Mr. Asquith is seen standing bareheaded in the doorway on the right: General Joffre (facing the camera) is on the left near the car, with M. Millerand just to the right walking towards it. Mr. Asquith inspected various departments at Headquarters, and spent much time touring round the district occupied and seeing as much as possible of the troops. From an eminence near Poperinghe he obtained a panoramic view of the British front, amid which lay the ruins of Ypres, which the Germans were again shelling as he watched. He also inspected a brigade, and visited,

inter alia, the headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps, the First Army, a clearing hospital, a bath-house and laundry, and the new summer quarters of Colonel Bate's great Convalescent Hospital. On several of these occasions the Premier was able to address the men personally, and to move informally among them, and his words of appreciation and encouragement evoked great enthusiasm. Describing his inspection of an infantry brigade, "Eye-Witness" writes: "After walking along the ranks with the Brigadier, Mr. Asquith made a short speech conveying to the troops the gratitude of the nation for all the Army had done and was doing, and pointing out that the hearts of the people at home were always with their soldiers at the front. That these sentiments were appreciated by those to whom they were addressed was shown by the heartiness of the cheers given to Mr. Asquith as he left the ground."

FRENCH INFANTRY ATTACKING THE "LABYRINTH": WHERE IRON CUPOLAS PROTECTED THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUNS.

FACSIMILE DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST IN THE WEST.



PENETRATING A "LABYRINTH" MORE PERILOUS THAN THAT OF THE MINOTAUR: A FRENCH BAYONET CHARGE ON AN IMMENSELY STRONG GERMAN POSITION AT NEUVILLE ST. VAAST.

In a note to this remarkably dramatic drawing, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "The 'Labyrinth' is a series of strongly fortified entrenchments south-east of Neuville St. Vaast held all the winter by the Germans; and in spite of the strength of the positions, with machine-guns protected by iron cupolas every twenty-five yards, and its wire entanglements, the French have broken through and are now steadily making progress every day." One of the iron cupolas is shown prominently in the foreground of the drawing, with the German gunner emerging, while French infantrymen are bayoneting his comrades in the trench. Three other similar cupolas are seen at intervals in the background on the right. In the left background is the cemetery of Neuville St. Vaast, through the walls of which French troops are seen pouring in their advance towards the "Labyrinth." Among them, on the extreme left, may be

seen a grenade-thrower in the act of hurling a "rocket" bomb. These bombs are carried hung on a wire over the left shoulder to the waist. Some particulars of the recent heroic fighting and brilliant successes of our French allies in this quarter were given in a Paris *communiqué* of the 6th. "At Neuville St. Vaast," it stated, "our progress continued inside the village (northern part). We captured several houses. At the same time we drew closer the investment of the enemy redoubt in the island north-west of the locality and 'occupied' the communication-trench which leads to it. We captured new trenches at the centre and in the south of 'The Labyrinth,' and advanced about a hundred yards. The struggle has continued uninterruptedly for eight days in this great work, two-thirds of which we now hold."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MOUNTAIN WAR: ALPINE PEAKS LIT UP BY ITALIAN SEARCHLIGHTS.

DRAWN BY MOLINARI, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



AN IMPRESSIVE NIGHT SCENE ON THE ITALO-AUSTRIAN FRONTIER: AN ADVANCE POST OF THE ITALIAN ALPINI THROWING SEARCHLIGHTS UPON THE ENEMY'S POSITION AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Much of the fighting between the Italians and Austrians has taken place in mountainous country, where the famous Alpini, or Italian Alpine troops, have done fine service. A recent official *communiqué* from the Italian General Headquarters stated: "Along the whole frontier continues preparatory fighting, which is still developing to our advantage. Particular mention should be given to the favourable, though slow, continuation of the offensive action which our troops (after having occupied recently

the Monte Nero ridge, on the left of the Isonzo, near Tolmino) are developing upon the rugged rocks on the left bank and at the bottom of the valley. . . . In Carnia the Austrians are stubbornly but vainly engaging our Alpine detachments near the Monte Croce Pass, being always repulsed." We may add that the Italo-Austrian campaign will be illustrated in these pages by Mr. Julius Price, who is acting as our special war-artist in Italy.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER, RUSSELL, ADAMS, LAFAYETTE, SPROUGHT, WESTON, SARONY, AND BERESFORD



Our portraits include that of Major R. Wingate White, who fought in the South African War. Capt. G. A. C. Sandeman was the son of the late Col. G. Sandeman. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, bowled for the "Varsity XI," and wrote "Lives" of Lord Castlereagh and Count Metternich. Capt. Montagu Hill Clephane de Cristoforo de Bouillon Wickham, attached to 2nd Irish Regt., fought in the South African War and received the Queen's medal (three clasps). Capt. Claude Wretford-Brown, D.S.O., fought in the Sudan, in South Africa, and in the Mohmand Campaign. Lieut.-Col. Arthur Loveband, C.M.G., had fought in South Africa, 1902; in Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, and Transvaal. Lieut. Robert Maule was the only son of Sir Robert Maule, and an M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was captain of the lacrosse and tennis clubs. He left for the

Near East three months ago, and on arriving at Alexandria, was nominated to take command of a section to form an escort to the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Ian Hamilton. Lieut. Maule was a young officer of great promise, and is the third relative of Sir Robert Maule to fall in action, the others being his son-in-law, Capt. Walker, and his nephew, Lieut. A. Dewar. Capt. Gerard O'Callaghan married, last October, Miss Joan Grubb, of Castle Grace, Clogheen, a well-known Irish sportswoman. Capt. Walter Basil Haddon-Smith was the elder son of Sir George Haddon-Smith, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Windward Islands. Capt. Noel Edwards was one of the finest polo-players of his time, and came to the front quickly after the American victories in 1909. Another good sportsman was Capt. Basil Maclear, the well-known Rugby footballer.

MUCH AGED: THE GERMAN EMPEROR UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE GREAT WAR OF WHICH HE WAS THE DIRECT CAUSE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



WITH HAIR TURNED GREY AND WHITE MOUSTACHE: THE KAISER RECEIVING A REPORT

There have been many witnesses of late to the altered looks of the German Emperor. He has aged a great deal in appearance during the war, and his moustache, for instance, is now white. A Copenhagen paper the other day wrote, publishing a letter from Berlin: "When the Kaiser was last in Berlin he seemed exceedingly dismayed, and it was apparent how greatly the war had affected him. During the last ten months he has changed into an old man, and now walks with his head bending forward. His hair is completely grey." A French paper, too, has told what extraordinary precautions are taken to guard the Kaiser's health, saying that he is always accompanied in the field by an army of physicians and

OF THE DISPOSITION OF THE GERMAN TROOPS AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES.

nurses, who find out if any epidemic is prevalent in the neighbourhood, and take the necessary precautions, including the disinfection of his temporary residence, inside and out, many times a day. This particular photograph shows the Kaiser receiving a report as to the disposition of the German troops at the second battle of Ypres. He is the left-hand figure, standing by the table, wearing a number of decorations, including two Iron Crosses. The motor-goggles on his helmet will be noticed. It is now said that he has gone to the scene of the fighting with Italy. A few days ago he was reported at the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, Field-Marshal Archduke Friedrich.

BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS IN GALICIA: A

FACSIMILE DRAWINGS BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT,

COSSACK CHARGE; AND THE TSAR AT THE FRONT.

OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES.



"NOTHING STOPS THE COSSACKS WHEN THEY MOVE": A THRILLING CHARGE AGAINST AUSTRIAN GUNS BY



THE REDOUBTABLE RUSSIAN HORSEMEN, SEVERAL OF WHOM STOOD UP IN THEIR SADDLES, SHOUTING.



THE "SOLDIER TSAR" AT THE FRONT: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (IN UNIFORM SIMILAR TO THAT



OF ANY RUSSIAN OFFICER) WITH THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS REVIEWING TROOPS IN GALICIA.

Now that all eyes are turned towards Galicia, where the Russians have suffered a temporary set-back by the fall of Przemyśl, these drawings from that portion of the vast Russian front are of particular interest. With regard to the upper one, Mr. Seppings-Wright sends the following note: "A Cossack charge. The Austrians are fighting to hold certain positions in the Carpathians, out of which the Russian armies are gradually clearing them. This is an incident that occurred when orders were given to the Cossacks to take a battery of guns. The scene was thrilling. Nothing stops the Cossacks when they move. Several of them stood up in their saddles, shouting." In the foreground is a fallen Cossack's horse standing by his master. The animal's tail, it may be noted, is tied at the end in the customary manner.—In the lower drawing, the Emperor of Russia is seen in front of the group on

the right walking with the Grand Duke Nicholas (with arm extended) at a review of troops in Galicia. The Tsar wore an ordinary Russian officer's uniform, without any distinctive marks. Among the group behind him are Count Bobrinsky, Governor-General of Galicia, and his aide-de-camp, Prince Troubetzkoi. In the right background along the road are the motors which brought the Imperial party. Behind the troops, in the left background, is a farm shattered by shell-fire, and in the distance is the snow-capped range of the Carpathians. The Tsar arrived by motor at Lwow (Lemberg) on April 22, accompanied by the Grand Duke Nicholas, who had met him on the Galician frontier at Brody. His Majesty visited the battlefields and the graves of fallen soldiers, and afterwards went on to Przemyśl and thence to the Bukovina border district.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



The Waterloo Centenary: "The Fugitive"—Napoleon.

Napoleon, with his field-glass at his eye, watched the final charge of the Imperial Guard from rising ground near the centre of the French position. Suddenly his hand dropped. His face turned a sickly white. "Mais, ils sont mûrs!" he exclaimed in a tone of horror—"Why, they are in disorder!" The sun had just set, the air was full of light, everything was visible with distinctness. From all over the battlefield the French Army saw what had happened. An instant and irremediable break-up was the result. In sudden panic, divisions, brigades, battalions dissolved into mobs of running men. Nearest to Napoleon were three battalions of the Guard, kept till then in reserve. They stood fast, and he rode up to them sending his staff officers and cavalry escort to gallop everywhere and try to rally the fugitives. All was in vain, and thereupon Napoleon

rode off to where was halted another square, that of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard. With Napoleon in the centre and the drums rolling out the Grenadiers' March, the square, hurling back the charges of the Prussian cavalry, moved defiantly at a slow step on to near Charleroi. There Napoleon left it. He rode into the town, and a postchaise took him to Paris. The illustration above is one of Lady Butler's pictures at the Officers' Families Fund Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, to assist officers' wives and dependent relatives in need through the war, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips. All Lady Butler's pictures are on sale for the fund, except "Scotland for Ever." Under "The Fugitive," she puts: "Napoleon rode a fresh horse towards the end of the battle, 'Marengo' having been disabled."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LADY BUTLER, EXHIBITED AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



The Waterloo Centenary: "The End"—Wellington.

Wellington, as the front rank of the last column of Napoleon's Imperial Guard topped the ridge of the British position, was near Maitland's Brigade of the Guards, who were lying down to shelter from the French artillery. Immediately the tall bear-skins of the Guards were seen, the Duke's voice rang out, sharply resonant: "Stand up, Guards!" They rose, fired one crashing volley and charged. The enemy broke, and the great column swayed, and, being fired into on the flank from elsewhere at the same instant, reeled backwards down the hill in confusion. Wellington rode to the crest of the ridge. He stood there "above the smoke-wreaths clearly defined as a bronze statue against the bright Western sky, holding his cocked hat aloft and forward." All understood the sight as the signal for the general advance, and straightway the entire British line swept

forward. Everywhere the enemy gave ground in sudden panic. The Duke then rode forward between the pursuing columns. The illustration above is reproduced, by courtesy of Lady Butler and Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, from Lady Butler's picture, "The End," for sale on behalf of the Officers' Families Fund to aid the widows and dependent relatives of fallen officers, at the Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Except "Scotland for Ever," Lady Butler's twenty pictures shown are on sale for the fund. Under the picture Lady Butler puts: "There is nothing sadder than a victory except a defeat.—WELLINGTON." "The Duke . . . then continued to ride leisurely towards (the village of) Waterloo . . . his staff and even orderlies almost all killed or wounded . . . his only attendant a foreigner . . . attached to his suite.—SIBORNE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LADY BUTLER, EXHIBITED AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

WATERLOO AND THE WARFARE OF TO-DAY.

BY J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D.

Author of "The Life of Napoleon I," "The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1900," etc.

IT is a truism to assert that the art of war has changed with the change in arms of offence. Yet, even now, we as a nation have hardly grasped the full significance of this elementary axiom; at least, we have not yet applied it thoroughly to the conditions which dominate the present conflict. We know well enough that the invention of gun-powder, artillery, and the old musket doomed the feudal castle and feudal chivalry. We know—less clearly, perhaps—that the cannon and the musket underwent some improvements in the wars of the eighteenth century and of the Napoleonic era. Those for whom Waterloo is not the end of historical study at school (even now, I fear, it is for most) are aware that Prussia beat Austria in 1866 by superior organisation and the quick-firing "needle-gun"; and that France fell in 1870 owing to her inadequate preparations for war.

Passing by these wider topics, I wish to point out here that the Battle of Waterloo occupies an interesting position in the development of the art of war. Though in the main it was a battle of the old "hammer-and-tongs" type, there were signs that, in the future, prudent commanders would seek to screen their own lines from needless losses; while, nevertheless, preparing on the first possible occasion to concentrate their force on the weak point of the enemy. That, in effect, was Wellington's aim at Waterloo. Prudence was highly necessary. Apart from the 18,000 men of General Colville's Division left most unaccountably at Hal, some ten miles away to the west, the Duke had only 67,661 fighting men, against 74,000 French. Moreover, the Allies counted less than 24,000 British, 5800 King's German Legion, 17,800 Dutch Belgians, 17,300 Hanoverians and Brunswickers, and nearly 3000 Nassauers. Seeing that many of the Dutch-Belgians and Nassauers had served under Napoleon, their fidelity was open to question; but, without exception, they behaved loyally, and if I had space I could prove that the Dutch-Belgian contingent, under the young Prince of Orange, rendered far greater services than was allowed by our earlier writers, Alison, Siborne, and Glegg.

Caution was imposed on the Duke not only by the motley nature of his forces, but by the Prussian disaster at and retreat from Ligny on June 16, which necessitated the hurried retreat of the Duke to the position in front of Waterloo. It had been carefully studied some time before by our engineers, who mapped it out in plans that proved to be highly serviceable. The then Quarter-master-General of the British Forces in Belgium, Sir Hudson Lowe (afterwards Governor of St. Helena), had remarked the defensive capacity of the ground, and even suggested the building of a redoubt on Mt. St. Jean. Unfortunately, this was not done. A strong redoubt on the slope somewhere above the farm of La Haye Sainte would undoubtedly have strengthened Wellington's line at what proved to be its weak point. Also the extreme fatigue of his army, after the hasty retreat from Quatre Bras, together with the heavy rain of the night of June 17-18, hindered the adoption of defensive measures. Only at the Château de Hougomont, in front of his right wing, were extra works undertaken. The Duke also ordered the entrenching of the large village of Braine-l'Alleud behind his extreme right; and this fact, along with his comparative neglect of the large farmhouse of La Haye Sainte in front of his centre, and of the hamlets in front of his left wing, proves his anxiety to guard against Napoleon's chief attack, which he persistently expected would come along the road from Nivelles leading to the hamlet of Mt. St. Jean. Blücher's specific promise to march from Wavre at dawn of the 18th naturally induced the belief that the Prussians would relieve our left wing well before noon. As a matter of fact, they did not fire a shot before about 4.30, and then, not in conjunction with our left wing, but further to the south, against the

French near the village of Plancenoit. Wellington, therefore, was in great peril. What saved him? Firstly, of course, the magnificent courage and tenacity both of officers and rank and file; secondly, the carelessness (offspring of overweening confidence) with which Napoleon fought the battle; thirdly, the defensive capacities of the Waterloo position. Let us examine that position more in detail. The front of the slope is clear, except for Hougomont and its wood, also La Haye



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN MODEL: LOOKING FROM THE BRITISH SIDE TOWARDS LA HAYE SAINTE AND NAPOLEON'S POSITION.

The photographs on this page show parts of Captain Siborne's model of Waterloo in the Royal United Service Museum. In the foreground of this one are British, Dutch, Belgian, and Hanoverian reserves. At right-angles to the road (from Brussels to Charleroi) are the opposing British and French firing-lines. Just beyond, to the right of the road, is La Haye Sainte, and a little further, Napoleon's position is shown by a white flag.

Sainte, and the hamlets further east. And these outposts, stoutly held by Wellington's trustworthy troops, long repelled the assaults of far greater numbers of the enemy. Apart from these outposts, the British artillery

all Napoleon's moves were visible, except when clouds of smoke shrouded the field. Therefore, at no point were Wellington's troops badly surprised. Exactly the contrary was the case on the Mt. St. Jean slope. It was fairly steep and difficult of access on Wellington's left; and along the summit ran a cross-road bordered by hedges, which at parts, both west and east of the Brussels-Charleroi turn-pike, was raised slightly above, or sank below, the general level. The priceless value of this cross-road to Wellington's troops appears in the narrative of Captain Mercer, whose battery of Horse Artillery (six 9-pounders) found shelter behind this road where it formed a raised causeway, some two or three feet high. From that safe cover they poured their deadly volleys on the waves of French cavalry which successively charged at Wellington's right centre, only to fall back utterly broken. But for that shelter Mercer's guns must have been silenced by the terrible French cannonade that swept the Allied front between each of the great cavalry charges whereby Ney hoped to batter in the Duke's lines at this point (4.30 to 6 p.m.).

Such was the superiority of Napoleon in all arms that success would doubtless have crowned his efforts if the Mt. St. Jean plateau had not sloped downwards to the north behind the first line of the Allies. Owing to this peculiarity of the ground, the preliminary cannonade from Napoleon's massed battery of eighty pieces (which he expected to be decisive in favour of his later attacks) was to a large extent harmless, except on the comparatively few regiments that were fully exposed on or in front of the crest. Among the unfortunate troops thus exposed was Bylandt's Dutch-Belgian Brigade, on the open slope east of La Haye Sainte. Terribly pounded by the French guns, they broke and ran at the onset of d'Erlon's dense columns of attack: and no one ought to blame them, but rather the Duke himself or Picton, who left them so unfairly exposed, and slightly in advance of the main British line. For the most part, however, Picton's men, and the divisions of Alten, Halkett, and Adam further west, were fairly well concealed. If they lay down, as was often possible, the iron storm flew over their heads; and the second line and reserves suffered still less. Even the Duke's Staff was not decimated. Though he generally remained near the solitary tree which crowned the slope above La Haye Sainte, his aides-de-camp were bidden to retire so as not to draw the enemy's fire on him; and young Basil Jackson, who was among those ordered back a short space, describes their feelings as the balls hissed harmlessly overhead; while on the crest in front loomed the figure of their great leader, calm and motionless, wreathed in smoke, and resembling the statue afterwards raised to him at Hyde Park Corner.*

The defensive capacity of the ground was fully known to the Duke. It was unknown by Napoleon. Time after time the Emperor and his Staff believed that the tremendous cannonade, alternating with charges of cavalry, must sweep clear the plateau of Mt. St. Jean. To all appearance the horsemen held that plateau, and several times the cry of "Victoire!" was raised around Napoleon. But still there came, from the hidden ground behind the "thin red lines," the succour that beat back the horsemen in disorder; and then the lines—or, more properly, squares ranged in chequer-fashion—were seen, visibly thinned, but holding firm.

Was there ever such a battle? The Emperor might well rave. At the crisis, about 7 p.m., after the capture of La Haye Sainte by Ney's infantry, that Marshal sent an imperative request for reinforcements. Thereupon the Corsican's temper blazed forth in the retort, "Des troupes? Où voulez-vous que j'en prenne? Voulez-vous que j'en fasse?" On the northern slope, not half a mile away, a similar request for reinforcements came to the Duke. It elicited the characteristically calm

reply, "There are no instructions but this—Hold out to the last man."*

(Second article next week.)

* Basil Jackson, "Reminiscences of a Staff-Officer," p. 43.



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN MODEL: LOOKING FROM THE FRENCH SIDE TOWARDS WELLINGTON'S POSITION.

The wood on the left is close to Hougomont (just out of the picture further to left). To right of the wood are Foy's troops advancing to attack a British line. The flag in the background to left shows Wellington's position just behind the main British line, while the second column of the French-Imperial Guard is attacking. In the foreground are French reserves and artillery firing.

had free play against the steadily rising slope of Rossomme occupied by the French. That is to say, all the British shots told; and, what was more important,



THE ALLIES.

THE JAPANESE SPANIEL; THE BELGIAN GRIFFON; THE RUSSIAN BORZOI; THE FRENCH BULLDOG; AND THE BRITISH BULLDOG.

We need scarcely tell our readers that the names of the dogs which appear above are given, in order, from left to right. When this painting was done, Italy had not joined the Allies: hence the omission of the Italian greyhound.

PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MAUD EARL.

THE "TRIUMPH" TORPEDOED OFF GALLIPOLI: PHASES OF THE DISASTER.

FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER WHO WITNESSED THE SCENE.



THE TORPEDO STRIKES THE "TRIUMPH'S" STARBOARD SIDE. A BIG CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE AND A COLUMN OF WATER ARE VISIBLE. THERE WAS ALSO A FLASH. 12.19 P.M.



DOWN BY THE HEAD AND LISTING TO STARBOARD, ABOUT FOUR MINUTES AFTER BEING STRUCK. DESTROYER ON THE RIGHT IS FIRING AT THE SUBMARINE. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS PROCEEDING TO THE ASSISTANCE OF THE "TRIUMPH." NOTE THE ESCAPE OF STEAM. 12.23 P.M.



FROM 30 DEG. TO 90 DEG. THE "TRIUMPH" HEELED VERY QUICKLY. THIS SKETCH SHOWS HER AT AN ANGLE OF ABOUT 40 DEG. THE DESTROYERS AND TRAWLERS ARE STANDING BY TO RENDER ASSISTANCE. 12.26 P.M.



NEARLY ON HER BEAM-ENDS. HER RED BOTTOM SHOWED UP VERY CONSPICUOUSLY. 12.28 P.M.



THE LAST OF THE "TRIUMPH"—TURNED COMPLETELY OVER, IN WHICH POSITION SHE REMAINED FOR A CONSIDERABLE TIME BEFORE FINALLY DISAPPEARING. 12.40 1 P.M.

The Admiralty announced on May 26: "While operating yesterday in support of the Australian and New Zealand forces on shore on the Gallipoli Peninsula, his Majesty's ship 'Triumph' (Captain Maurice Fitzmaurice, R.N.) was torpedoed by a submarine, and sank shortly afterwards. The majority of the officers and men are reported as saved, including the Captain and Commander. The submarine was chased by the destroyers and patrolling small craft until dark." In the drawings the port side of the ship is seen. A Turkish official account of the event stated: "A submarine belonging to the Navy of our Ally Germany succeeded in attacking the 'Triumph' without being

discovered by anyone. . . . While it would have been very easy to kill by means of shrapnel the sailors who were swimming about in the sea, and to blow up the rescuing British boats, our artillerymen, in accordance with their noble feelings of humanity, did not hinder the work of rescue." The "Triumph," a sister-ship to the "Swiftsure," was a battle-ship of 11,985 tons, launched in 1903. She and the "Swiftsure" were both built for Chile, but were bought by Great Britain for £940,000 each. Her armament included four 10-inch and fourteen 7.5-inch guns. The "Triumph" took part in the operations at Kiaochau.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AN ENEMY SUBMARINE IN ACTION, AND "75's": AT THE DARDANELLES.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER AT THE DARDANELLES.



THE PERISCOPE OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE APPEARS AMONG BRITISH WAR-SHIPS OFF GALLIPOLI ON MAY 25: H.M.S. "SWIFTSURE" FIRING AT THE INTRUDER.



THE MOST FAMOUS FIELD-GUN OF THE WAR BROUGHT TO BEAR UPON THE TURKS IN GALLIPOLI: A BATTERY OF FRENCH "SEVENTY-FIVES" CONCEALED BY BRANCHES AND SHRUBS.

The sketch reproduced in the upper illustration on this page shows an interesting incident which occurred off the Gallipoli Peninsula on May 25. The officer who sends it writes: "The periscope of an enemy-submarine was reported at about 7.20 a.m. . . . As far as could be seen, for some extraordinary reason, she fired no torpedo, only showing her periscope for a few seconds." With regard to the recent progress of the operations at the Dardanelles, an official telegram issued at Cairo on June 6 stated: "On the morning of June 4 Sir Ian Hamilton ordered a general attack on the Turkish trenches in the southern area of the Gallipoli Peninsula, preceded by a heavy bombardment by all guns

and assisted by battle-ships, cruisers, and destroyers. At a given signal the troops rushed forward with the bayonet, and were immediately successful all along the line, except in one spot where heavy wire-entanglement had not been destroyed by bombardment. . . . On the French extreme right the French captured a strong line of trenches, which, though heavily counter-attacked twice during the night, they still occupy. We captured 400 prisoners, including 10 officers. . . . The result of these operations is that we have made an advance of 500 yards, which includes two lines of Turkish trenches, along a front of nearly three miles."—[Drawing and Photograph Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

HOW WAR IMPOVERISHES THE NATION'S HAIR.

Hair, the Most Sympathetic Part of the Body, Becomes Weakened by Nerve Strain and Worry.

A FREE HAIR - GROWING GIFT FOR ALL WHO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE.

MANY thousands of people who are troubled by the state of their hair are asking themselves the question: "Does war, and particularly the nervous strain and worry of the war, affect my hair?" The answer is, decidedly, "Yes."

Scientific tests prove conclusively that the hair is the most sympathetic part of the whole body, responding most quickly to changes in health.

More particularly now than at any time does the hair require attention, and, as the well-known hair specialist, Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene" Hair-Drill fame, points out, the longer you neglect your hair trouble the more difficult it is to restore it to its natural beautiful condition of healthy, lustrous abundance.

A WONDERFUL WAR-TIME OFFER.

Mr. Edwards is renewing his offer to commence everybody growing beautiful hair absolutely free of charge.

To give a very popular instance of how closely the nerves—and "worry" is caused by an excited condition of the nerves—are associated with hair growth, it is only necessary to give the popular instance of hair "standing on end" in the case of sudden shock or fright.

As a matter of fact, hair growth depends on two things. Firstly, a natural condition of the wonderful nerve system controlling each tiny hair; and, secondly, the perfect nourishment of the hair itself. With this explanation, it is quite easy to see why the wonderful "Harlene" Hair-Drill stimulates the tiny nerves to carry out their exhilarating function.

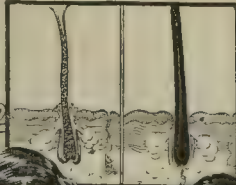
HAIR TROUBLES SPEEDILY DISAPPEAR.

Until you have actually tested the few-minutes-a-day "Harlene" Hair-Drill you cannot imagine what a delightful task it is. It gives to the hair and the head a cooling, soothing, and healthy feeling, and all the time one notices that the hair is growing in beautiful abundance.

No matter whether your hair trouble is—

Total or Partial Baldness	Over-greasi-ness of the Scalp
Thin, Straggling, or	Scurf or Dandruff
Weak Hair	Loss of colour and lustre
Falling or Splitting Hairs	Ugly, wiry hair

*You may, with-
out cost or obli-
gation, commence
the Harlene Hair-
Drill Method by
writing to the
Firm below.*



*The success of
this hair's re-
newal is due to the
action of the Har-
lene Drill.*



*Note the
wonderful
alteration in
your
appearance
as healthy
and healthy
hair brings
about.*

*First Harlene
Hair-Drill
yourself. You
will be
delighted with
the immediate
change in
your
appearance.*

—you are invited to commence the "Harlene" Hair-Drill method at Mr. Edwards' expense with the perfect assurance that you will regain a natural abundance of healthy hair.

THIS IS YOUR HAIR BEAUTY GIFT.

Simply post coupon below with 3d. stamps for postage, and you will receive:—

1. A free bottle of "Harlene," the wonderful hair-growing preparation that finds its way into the very root and substance of each separate hair, that grows NEW hairs on thin or bald patches, and that doubles the beauty and lustre of the hair in addition. It is tonic, food, and dressing in one.

2. A free packet of the marvellous "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for carrying out the famous liquid shampoo that cleanses the hair and scalp, and prepares the head for "Harlene" Hair-Drill.

3. A copy of the "Harlene" Hair-Drill Manual that tells you exactly how to carry out this simple and delightful toilet exercise.

Once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene" system, you may at any time obtain further supplies from Chemists in any part of the world, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 packets (single packets 2d.), or direct on remittance from Edwards' "Harlene" Co. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

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Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your free "Harlene"
Hair-growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage
to any part of the world (foreign stamps accepted)
NAME
ADDRESS



I have a FINE
TOWEL
will some nice person
send along a box of
WRIGHT'S COALTAR
SOAP

NEW BOOKS: TOPICAL AND OTHERWISE.

How to Read
Flags.

A most timely book is "Flags of the World," by W. J. Gordon. (F. Warne & Co.) We have long needed a handy and up-to-date reference-book on flags, and Mr. Gordon goes far to meet the requirement. He explains the origin, meaning, and use of flags; and sketches the romantic story of their connection with nations and dynasties. So engrossing is the subject that we would welcome a volume thrice the size of the present work. But in the way of popularising flag-lore the author is to be complimented, for he has presented his matter in most readable fashion. Both men and boys will discover instruction and entertainment; and readers of the other sex will find in the coloured illustrations strong inducement to follow up a subject which ordinarily might not appeal to them. Yet indeed, as flags are ceremonial tokens, and as women are keenly alive to the significance of ceremonial, it may well be held that a book on flags will make strong appeal to the feminine mind. At all events, the illustrations should have allurement, for there is no stint in the number of accurately coloured representations of flags. The ordinary reader will be struck, no doubt, by his amazing ignorance concerning flags and badges with which he should be well acquainted. But from the hints he obtains from Mr. Gordon consolation will come, for he will be able to detect the errors so frequently made by the officials responsible for public decorations. It is quite probable that when we are rejoicing for some great victory in London various enemy flags will be found among the bunting, and it is yet more certain that in some places our own flags will be hung upside down, thus making, in flag-language, the signal of distress! But judge of the reader's astonishment when he learns that the British Admiralty itself made a blunder

for many years in the reproduction of Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." In 1885 a "pamphleteer of inadequate research" persuaded the Admiralty to reconstruct the signal from the 1799 code-book, overlooking changes which had been made in 1804. Despite protest, the Admiralty order was enforced, and for twenty-three years Nelson's old ship the *Victory* displayed the wrong signal! Fortunately, the Admiralty librarian made discovery of a signal-book in 1908 which enabled the correct signal to be restored from

shoot walrus and Polar bear in the Arctic; wild sheep of a species as yet undescribed by science in easternmost Siberia; tundra, caribou, and great brown bear in Alaska; and giant moose, white sheep, brown and black bear on the Kenai Peninsula—and do it all within five months. It is much to their credit that they should have obtained specimens of all these varieties of game with the single exception of that East Siberian sheep, whose retreats were rendered secure by the prevalence of fogs during the stay of the sportsmen in their vicinity.

Mr. Marshall Scull set about the trip in a fashion at once agreeable and businesslike, chartering a vessel for the long sea journey, thus making himself independent of the chance passage to be obtained in seas where there is comparatively little traffic. Without the independence of travel thus obtained, it would have been impossible to cover so wide an extent of ocean and country within the limited season during which game can be pursued in those high latitudes. He is a man of considerable experience with the rifle, and has the art of telling a story in phrases at once simple and vivid; and whether the sport be tame, as with the too easily killed Polar bear, or exciting, as with the moose and brown bear, he always succeeds in arresting the reader's interest. Few works on big game present such a singular variety as does this, and the reason lies on the surface: practically each animal to which attention was devoted inhabits a different class of country, wherefore we follow the author in turn among snow and ice-floor, on the treeless mountain sides, on the barrens haunted by the caribou, and among the deep forests which are the abiding-place of moose. And as Mr. Marshall Scull has an eye for the peculiarities and foibles of humanity, some strange specimens of which are to be encountered in these out-of-the-way regions, the result is a most readable book. A word of praise is due to the very numerous and excellent photographs.



THE TURKO-GERMAN DARDANELLES TYPE OF BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT: ONE OF THE WIRE-FORTIFIED POSITIONS CARRIED BY THE ALLIES NEAR SEDD-UL BAHR.

This photograph was taken shortly after the capture of the high ground near Sedd-ul Bahr. It will be remarked that the tops of the stakes supporting the spread of the barbed-wire network, particularly to the left, are serrated in order to increase the formidable difficulties for an attacking force.

[Photograph by C.N.]

that time, "Flags of the World" contains many other items of information which every well-instructed man should know.

Hunting in the
Arctic.

Mr. Marshall Scull might have made three books of the material contained in "Hunting in the Arctic and Alaska" (Duckworth), as may be realised from his summarised programme. He and his party proposed to

in turn among snow and ice-floor, on the treeless mountain sides, on the barrens haunted by the caribou, and among the deep forests which are the abiding-place of moose. And as Mr. Marshall Scull has an eye for the peculiarities and foibles of humanity, some strange specimens of which are to be encountered in these out-of-the-way regions, the result is a most readable book. A word of praise is due to the very numerous and excellent photographs.



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LADIES' PAGE.

THE women of Denmark have been given the vote on the same terms as men have it, for both the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament. The King has signed the Act for the new Constitution, of which this is one of the provisions.

There is, of course, no "Season" this year. Save for a few concerts, flower-shows, and exhibitions, with the fees given for charitable purposes, there are no society gatherings. But philanthropic and social "movements" continue to call their members together. The Duchess of Marlborough has opened her beautiful London house to a number of meetings of this character. Last week Sunderland House was opened for meetings on "The Care of the Nation's Motherhood" and on behalf of the Clapham Women's Hospital, which is officered by medical women exclusively; and another on behalf of the work of women in Local Government occurs this week. Her Grace, who is a representative American woman—perhaps the most brilliant, the best educated, and most sisterly of the women of the world—takes a personal part in most of these meetings. Lady Londonderry, who was in the chair at the Clapham Hospital meeting, referred to the remarkable fact that a woman doctor has been appointed by the Government of this country to organise and conduct a hospital for wounded soldiers in London; a tribute alike to her skill and to that of women in general. There is accommodation for 500 wounded patients in this new hospital. It is the direct result of the capacity with which the same women doctors conducted a military hospital in France, performing the most difficult operations and the whole with great success. At the same time there is published a message from the Governor of Malta giving enthusiastic thanks to the women surgeons and nurses of the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit for Serbia, which was stopped at Malta and begged to render assistance there with the wounded in a great emergency. In short, women doctors have found and brilliantly met an opportunity to prove their professional value in the present crisis.

Women are being called upon from all sides to undertake fresh work in the world. Yet it is to be gravely doubted whether they are actually being allowed to perform all of which they are capable. So many of us are asked to do something—to "do our bit" for England—and we find official coldness, indifference, polite gibes, inadequate effort to understand and accept all that women can be and do in the national emergency. Several weeks ago, women willing to do some sort of war work were invited to register their names at the Labour Bureaux. This proposal is somewhat objectionable, for the Labour Bureaux are understood to be to provide for the industrial workers, and educated women are not precisely in their place in that connection. However, as there is a Government organisation existing under that head, with officials



A BRIDE'S GOWN.

A picturesque bridal gown, reminiscent of the early Italian period, of heavy white satin and beautiful lace. The bridesmaid's frock is made of old-blue chiffon, with velvet ribbon of a darker tone, and a short Cavalier cape of taffeta. Both designs strike a note of almost severe simplicity.

paid for by taxation, the method might pass. But the real trouble is that nothing is actually being done with the offers thus acquired. Over 80,000 women of all ranks and qualifications have registered their names at the Labour Bureaux as ready to undertake any war service whatsoever, and only 1400 have had any sort of duty found for them!

I have recently seen hundreds of letters from women ready to help the farmers—in haymaking, in harvesting, and in the care of animals. But I cannot find that there is a corresponding organisation by the Government to enable farmers to use all this ardent, eager supply of emergency workers. Nor is it clear that the farmers as a body are prepared to engage unskilled women for farm-work. Their feeling on the matter should be learned at once. The women certainly are ready. What is needed, probably, is for men to let women organise and direct, as well as be merely the handworkers. A vast organisation should have been set on foot long before this date to supply the farmers with the labour of women and of the elder boys out of the schools. If the Government will appoint a capable woman to organise this, giving her the necessary supply of funds, it may yet be found possible to utilise some of this mass of valuable energy and patriotic ardour. Women working lifts in the big shops, driving motor-vans for London firms, taking round the milk, acting as ticket collectors on the railways, and so forth, are already commonplace sights. But the organisation of the thousands of willing women for service, in order to set free men to go into training for their special task of fighting the enemy, is not yet even begun in earnest. As to me, I have got my fit and proper job in sight—I will relieve any Member of Parliament of military age: a very light and unimportant job, I admit; still, the one that I feel most fit to undertake!

One of the interesting exhibitions arranged for war charities is that of Lady Butler's drawings at the Leicester Square Galleries. Her Majesty visited the exhibition soon after its opening. The work is quite remarkable for its spirit and sense of movement. Lady Butler is the widow of the distinguished General of that name (who, by the way, justly described war as "the sum of all human villainies"), but it was before her marriage, as Miss Elizabeth Thompson, that she made her reputation. Her painting, "The Roll-Call," made one of the most famous engravings of the Victorian era. Most of the drawings now on view are generously offered by the artist for sale for the benefit of charities for officers' families.

An exhibition is open at the Zoological Gardens, organised by Professor Maxwell Lefroy, to teach housewives how to keep down the ravages of the house-fly. It is recognised that this little creature is one of the chief sources of the spread of disease, and, as infection is apt to follow in the track of "horrid war," we must give our attention to diminishing the number of flies and their domestic activities. We are informed that there are traps that can be put across the open window of the kitchen to keep out the flies while letting in the air; that a saucer containing a little formalin, mixed in milk, and supplied with a bit of bread as a platform for Mrs. Fly to alight upon while she drinks, is an effective poison-trap; and that even more important than these remedies is to destroy all rubbish that can decay by burning if possible, or else to wrap it up in paper (which the fly cannot get through to lay her eggs) before putting it in the dust-bin.—FLORENA.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink
that gives and maintains
health, strength, and
all-round efficiency

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water.

NO COOKING REQUIRED.

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UNDERWEAR
Keeps Your Spirits Up
When the Weather's
Warm.

It keeps you cool—lets refreshing air in—soothes the skin. The light-woven, durable fabrics wash easily and give the longest wear. Buttons strongly sewed on.

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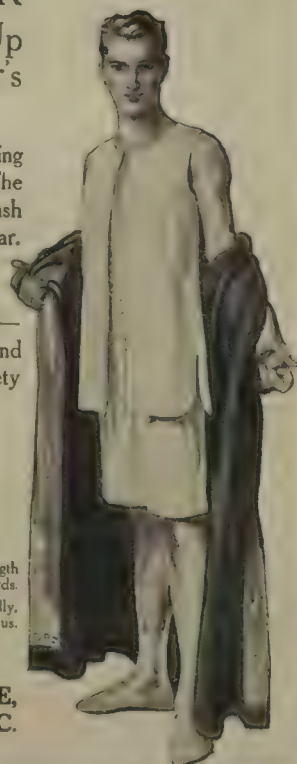
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12 Dessert "	1 " " (small)
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12 Tea Spoons.	1 Pair Knife Rests.

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IS A PERSONAL PERFUME of great distinction, its fragrance being of a supreme delicacy and of a subtlety so intricate as to add a new and perplexing charm to the "eternal feminine."

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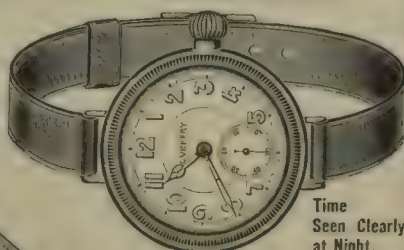
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Vickery's Famous Improved Dust-proof Luminous Wrist Watches. Perfect timekeepers, best lever movements, screw case back and front.

Silver, 55/6 and 72/6
Gold - - - 26 10/6
Another make, but quite reliable - £2 10/0

As used by a very large number of our Naval and Military Officers.

Vickery's New Sterling Silver, Ever-Pointed Magazine Pencil. No points to keep sharpened. Always ready for use. Invaluable for Active Service.

Sterling Silver, 10/6 Solid Gold, 60/-

Every Soldier and Sailor should have one. Send one to your Friend at the Front.

TWO GOOD THINGS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

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WHISKY
of the Age

Four Crown

"Four Crowns"
Reg'd Trade Mark.

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"A BEACON FOR THE BLIND."

PROFESSOR Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman who was Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1880—and retained office, to the great advantage of this country, until his death—is still remembered with affection and reverence not alone by all who had the privilege of knowing him, but by thousands to whom he was no more than a name and a force. The story of his life is told in a book entitled "A Beacon for the Blind," by Winifred Holt (Constable), and it may be said that the author has proved herself worthy of the subject. It is a pleasure to read a work inspired by so much devotion, so clearly expressed, and so successful in presenting the man that called it into being in his habit as he lived. Fawcett strove in a world of statesmen; his ideas were in advance of his time, but his high qualities of heart and brain gained a measure of acceptance for them even in hostile circles. He takes rank with John Bright and John Stuart Mill; the integrity of his public and private life, his high vision, his dauntless courage, proclaim a man who helped to make the Victorian era distinguished. His labours to preserve the open

the beauty of his life and the value of his labours. In her pages Henry Fawcett, with the soul of a hero and the spirits of a boy, seems to live again, and one can hardly avoid the thought that England, perhaps the British Empire, is still the poorer for his loss. Blinded as he entered manhood, taken away in his prime, he crowded memorable achievement into a few breathless years. It is to the credit of his political opponents and those whom he criticised that he retained their respect, and in some cases their sincere regard. His gifts were recognised on every hand, and the courage with which he fought for unpopular causes—or rather, with causes popular only with the populace—kept him from sinking to the level of the professional politician. He was a just, outspoken, iron-willed, blind man risen from among the people to build an enduring monument out of high ideals and worthy deeds.

THE "ARETHUSA" AND HER WORK.

THE work of the training-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester* (known throughout the Empire as institutions under the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children Society, whose headquarters are at Shaftesbury House, Shaftesbury Avenue) needs no recommendation. The Society's object is "to assist very poor boys and girls unconvicted of crime to earn their livelihood and to become God-fearing and useful men and women." Up to this year 21,456 have been so trained (18,155 boys and 3,301 girls) on board the training-ships or in the Society's ten homes in London and the country. The lads go largely into the Royal Navy, the Mercantile Marine Navy, and into the Army; numbers are assisted to get everyday work, all having been taught trades. The girls are trained for domestic service. They come from all over the kingdom: the fact of being "fatherless and destitute or poor" admits them. There is already a falling-off of £300 in donations for this year, and financial help is most urgently needed. Sailors trained in the *Arethusa* have fought and are fighting in the North Sea and the Dardanelles. Soldiers from the *Arethusa* are at the front in France and Flanders. Some have fallen; two at least

have won the D.C.M. To give generously and promptly is surely only a deserved return.

On this page we give illustrations of two typical regimental badges in gold and enamel, and set with, or without, precious stones, made by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 130, Regent Street (at prices that are eminently reasonable), for wear as souvenir brooches, pins, pendants, earrings, or any other kind of personal ornaments. Badges of any regiment and branch of the Army—infantry, cavalry, artillery, A.S.C., R.A.M.C.—and of the Royal Navy are supplied. They should be very popular souvenirs, for attachment to a father's, husband's, or fiancé's regiment, is as strongly felt among the womenfolk of our soldiers as *esprit de corps* is among the men serving with the colours.

Concise and compact in form and method, "Soldiers on Service"—a manual of practical information for members of the Expeditionary Force—should be in the pocket of every member either in training or at the front. Not a word is wasted, so the amount of information concerning every detail of daily life, professional and personal, is amazing for the size of the booklet. Camp life, coinage, kit, pay, health, first aid, everyday French phrases, and a score of other matters are treated, and the author, Captain Horace Wyndham, British Expeditionary Force, is to be thanked for so much valuable and comprehensive information in so small a compass. "Soldiers on Service" is published by Eveleigh Nash, at sixpence.

The voluntary hospitals have filled an important rôle in relation to the war, and the public will welcome the opportunity afforded by Hospital Sunday (on June 13) of contributing to a fund which helps 270 hospitals and medical charities, providing 10 per cent. of their charitable income, besides supplying about 9000 surgical appliances annually to maimed poor folk. A very large number of beds are now occupied by wounded soldiers and sailors, and by the work of these institutions the British Army has been reinforced by at least an army corps, and every contribution to the Hospital Sunday Fund will be a step on the road to victory. Mr. W. Pett Ridge has written an interesting little outline of the Fund's work for distribution. It is in the author's inimitable style, and has been cleverly illustrated by Mr. Fred Pegram.



HELPING TO MAINTAIN THE EMPIRE: THE TRAINING-SHIP "ARETHUSA."

Photograph by Topical.

spaces of this country from greedy, grasping hands, his brave service to India, his patient, watchful care at the Post Office, his sacrifice to noble causes of all he had to give, marked him as one of the finest type that the political sphere in England yields, and the author of this fascinating study of his career writes as though she had felt to the full



Reproduction of Tin of Tobacco
showing how bullet passed through
the Tin.

North Staffordshire Infanterie
Gentlemen.
I am sending this tin of
your Tobacco which I owe
my life as no doubt you
will see that a shrapnel
bullet passed through the
tin which I was carrying
on my sergeants pocket—
you can judge I was very
thankful I was carrying
a tin of Player's Navy Cut
I must say there was a
great rush for Player's
Navy Cut when issued
out at the front and
was a great comfort to
the troops in the trenches
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Tobacco and Cigarettes.

From all quarters we hear the same simple request:
"SEND US TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES."

TROOPS AT HOME

It would be well if those wishing to send Tobacco or Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application.

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(Duty Free)

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BECAUSE the future holds danger in the field for some, and long days of waiting at home for others, the pleasures of the passing hour are all the more precious. The music of

The 'Pianola' Piano

will fill these flying moments with happiness, and provide fragrant memories for many a day to come.

The 'Pianola' Piano enables you to play music to suit every mood, and in times of anxiety proves a true friend, for it effectually distracts the mind from gloomy thoughts

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RACING AND THE WAR

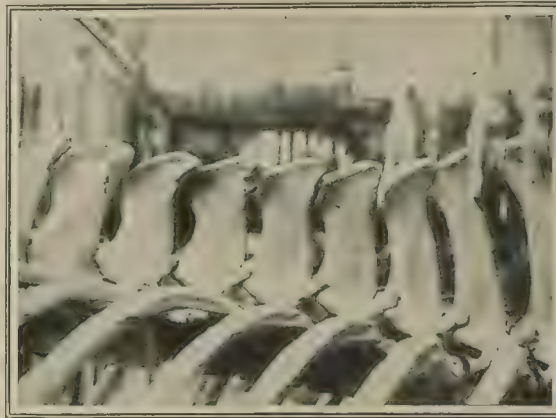
AS might be supposed, the inevitable decision to stop racing for the duration of the war has not met with universal approval, though all concerned are grateful for the concessions which have been made allowing certain meetings. The anti-racing public are, of course, more than pleased; and some have even ventured to assert that the contention that our supply of horses for cavalry, hunting, and general purposes depends on the produce of the racing stable, has no foundation in fact. Such a view is, of course, merely an expression of crass ignorance.

Since racing is unquestionably a matter of national importance—not merely because it furnishes an "industry," but also the quality of our horse-supply indeed depends upon it—there is much to be said for those who hold that racing should go on, but shorn of all spectators save a few accredited experts interested in the breeding of horses, who should attest the results of the race. This would have stopped the painful scandal of the race-trains, and cleared the course of parasites. Abnormal times demand abnormal measures.

But this by the way. I venture to return here to a matter which I discussed in this column a year or so ago, when I timidly suggested that the racing of two-year-olds was a mistake. On that occasion I pointed out that my best witnesses were the skeletons of dead-and-gone champions. For these all show, in varying degrees of intensity, derangements of the spinal column caused by premature racing: that is to say, from having to bear the weight of a jockey before the backbone had attained its full strength. This much is attested by the skeletons under my charge at the British Museum. Thus, in Persimmon, for example, and to a lesser extent in St. Simon, two most famous horses, the spinous processes, or bony bars which form the ridge of the backbone, have not only failed to maintain their proper distances apart, but, in the region of the greatest curvature of the spine, become so forcibly pressed against one another at their tips as to become splayed out to form false

articulations. Now, it is quite possible that this state of things, during a hard gallop, induces friction and thus fatigue, thereby in so far reducing speed. Thus, then, the partial suspension of racing may prove a blessing in disguise, for it will at least reduce the number of two-year-olds which can be entered, and hence will induce owners to delay the training of these immature animals.

And now as to the relation between racing and the production of "general utility" horses, which some wise people have lately assured us is a lively



EVIDENCE FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM AGAINST THE PREMATURE RACING OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS: PART OF PERSIMMON'S BACKBONE, SHOWING FALSE ARTICULATION OF THE SPINOUS PROCESSES, DUE TO CARRYING A JOCKEY TOO SOON.

The spinous processes, or spines of the vertebrae, have been slightly forced apart in order to give a better view of the false articulation.

invention, devised by the racing fraternity to justify a quite unnecessary, and even harmful, form of sport. Nothing could be further from the truth than this, though opinions differ in matters of detail as to the best of several possible combinations between "thoroughbred" and other breeds to produce animals of high quality suitable for purposes other than racing.

Without going into details which would be hardly suitable for this column, it will suffice to say that the very best types of cavalry horses, or animals for light-draught purposes, are obtained by crossing thoroughbred sires with quarter-bred Clydesdale mares. The thoroughbred sires need not be the pick of the stables in regard to speed, and this fact reduces the cost of production. But the thoroughbred stock is an absolutely indispensable foundation; and thus, if racing were wholly suppressed, as some would have it, this source of supply would speedily be extinguished. But the cross between thoroughbred sires and light cart-mares produces excellent results where hunters and "general utility" animals are desired.

The advent of the motor-bus has not been an unmixed blessing, for it has ousted, in the "bus-horse," an animal of an extremely useful type, many of which, I believe, came from Canada, but which had much Clydesdale blood in their veins. We are apt to forget that our carriage-horses, and saddle-horses, commonly described as "hackneys," are all descendants of the celebrated "Darley Arabian" imported from Aleppo about 1706, and crossed with our native breeds. The best of our cavalry horses, artillery horses, and "vanners" owe most of their good qualities to this foundation, though the introduction of horses from abroad has introduced new elements, and not always of the best. The term "hackney," which distinguishes this origin from the "thoroughbred," was derived from the French *hacquenée*, which came into use in England through the Normans, who applied it to a saddle-horse of a good type, lighter and more active than the "Great Horse" used by the armour-clad knights. The term "thoroughbred" was originally adopted to denote the progeny of the three famous sires, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Arabian, with the royal mares called the "King's Mares," imported into England from the East in the reign of Charles II. The general restriction of the term "thoroughbred" to race-horses is responsible for the general ignorance that we owe all the best breeds of our horses, save "Shire horses," to our love of racing.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Cicely in Ceylon." The method of "Cicely in Ceylon" (Lynwood) is as old as "The Swiss Family Robinson"—and how much older the student of literature may determine. This is not to say that it is not a very good method when revived by Major F. A. Symons. Some nice girls and nice young men go to Ceylon, where they receive hospitality from sundry residents who provide them with information about tea-planting and Cingalese temples and the customs of the country generally. Through this, and Major Symons' pleasant descriptions of the scenery of Ceylon, runs a thread of love-making. Nothing very exciting happens. Why should it? The young people, and the reader, are busy

and happy improving their minds. It is comfortable to be trotted round Ceylon with matrimony in the air—comfortable, and natural too. The author's mind, like a sensitive plate, records photographically all he has seen. Albums of photographs are apt to lack the human touch, but it is not missing here. A Cingalese landscape enlivened with the courtships of European couples, all young and charming, makes a pleasing picture, and we stand indebted to Major Symons in his dual office as ratch-maker and cicerone.

"The Holy Flower."

The English people are slow to move, but they have the virtue of sticking to a good thing when they have made sure of it, and we see no reason why they should ever weary of the apparently inexhaustible adventures of Allan Quatermain. The fertility of Sir H. Rider Haggard's imagination is almost as marvellous as the story of "The Holy Flower" (Ward, Lock). Who would not be a boy again, to enjoy the journey of the orchid-hunter and his intrepid guide into the savage wilds of Pongoland? And, as a matter of fact, older people, settled respectably in their home-keeping chairs, are by no means beyond the spell. We, too, spent a joyous evening in Allan Quatermain's good company. The truth is that a Rider Haggard story never fails in its atmosphere. This is that mysterious Africa we have never seen, brought close to us, surrounding us with its Kathir witchcraft and its possibilities of perennial romance. There are no strings to the puppets, no cracks in the canvas: it is a live thing. The clean taste of it is worth a whole book-shelf—nay, a library—filled with the literary masterpieces of neurotic, clever young people, of whom we have too many nowadays. It is entirely good to be reminded that a clever novelist is not necessarily a bundle of nerves.

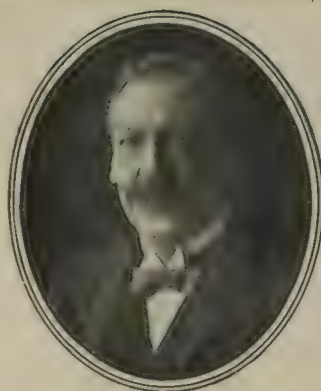
"The Keeper of the Door."

There is really very little more to be said of "The Keeper of the Door" (Fisher Unwin) than to express our conviction that, for those who like this kind of novel, this is the kind of novel they will like. Miss Dell, says the publisher's quotation, is the most

likely successor at the present moment at the goal of enormous popularity reached successively by Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Florence Barclay. We must leave it at that. If the curious are tempted to inquire what it is that the public likes so much, we are unable to supply a satisfactory answer. We hope it is not slipshod grammar, or artificial situations, or a strained and vulgar sentiment, although these things seem to us to fill the pages of Miss Ethel M. Dell's latest novel. It is an odd commentary upon forty years of cheap education, the success of this "best seller."

The menace of the house-fly as a disease-spreader grows.

Flies are proved typhoid-carriers, and are suspected of spreading many infectious diseases, and there is now an increased danger, owing to the war conditions. Happily, science and pharmacy have come to our aid with the "Anti-Fly Spray." This is a novel idea emanating from Heppells, the West-End pharmacists, and is a most effective exterminator and deterrent, harmless to fabrics and animals, and safe and agreeable in use. It is supplied complete with a handy sprayer, ready for use, from either of their seven branches. Sanitary and entomological experts, as well as enthusiastic users, also chant its praises for killing wasps, grubs, etc., as well as for flies.



A BIRTHDAY HONOUR: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR WILLIAM FORBES, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

A well-deserved birthday honour was the knighthood conferred on Lieut.-Colonel William Forbes, General Manager of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, and a member of the Railway Executive Committee. Sir William was born in Dublin in 1856, and was educated at Dulwich College and on the Continent. His father was General Manager of the Midland and Great Western Railway of Ireland. The work he has done has been remarkable—and, during the Great War, titanic.



THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TURKS IN MESOPOTAMIA: OUR LOCAL ALLIES UNDER THE SHEIK OF MOHOMMERAH.

We have been reminded of the campaign which a British military and naval force is carrying through on the lower Euphrates by the India Office report of June 3, announcing a dashing affair near Kurna, where the Turks were routed on land, and lost a river steamer and two other vessels and also their field-guns. Our photograph shows a party of a Persian Gulf Arab tribe led by the Sheik of Mohommereh, who are rendering valuable service as auxiliaries.



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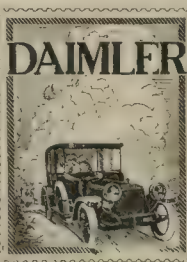
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The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

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Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

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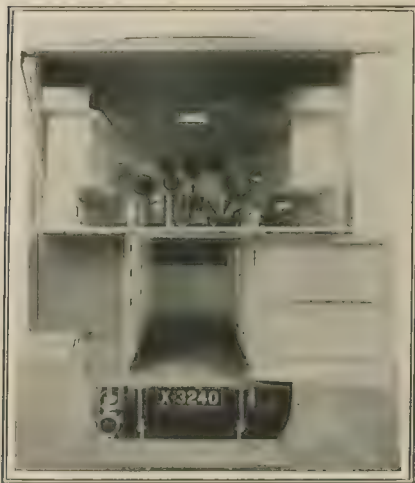
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Armoured Cars. It is pleasant to read that Lieut. Commander W. Whittall, in command of No. 1 Squadron of the armoured motor-cars of the Royal Naval Air Service, has proved the efficiency of this arm out in German West Africa. To readers of these notes this is of more than general interest, as, until the war, he was the contributor of this column. Writing home from Jackkopje, German South-West Africa, he says, "My squadron has been in action and has done itself real proud! So much so that I am told by the Brigadier here that it was our cars which decided the show. The day before yesterday (April 26) a force of Germans estimated at about 1,400 to 1,500 strong came along just after daybreak with eight guns and took up gun positions quite close in, and began to plaster us with shrapnel, while their mounted infantry came in and attacked our left. They fired about 100 shells at us during the action, which lasted for about four hours. My cars were actually in the fight itself, and



COMFORT ON WHEELS: THE A.A. AND M.U. TRAVELLING FIELD-KITCHEN.

There are many novel features in this field-kitchen. The heating apparatus consists of four individual stoves instead of one central unit; the water arrangements are admirable, the equipment complete, the design excellent, and the construction substantial. The building and equipment of the chassis have been carried out by the Grosvenor Carriage Co., of Kimberley Road, Willesden Lane, Kilburn, N.W.



A SUNBEAM IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN-ON THE ROAD BETWEEN CALGARY AND BANFF.

others were shoved out on the right in case of another column of the enemy making its appearance there, as we rather expected it might.

German Surprise. "At first the Germans did not know what to make of the cars, but, once they got wise to the guns mounted in them, they concentrated a whole battery on them and gave them fair hell. I counted over forty shrapnel bullet marks on the armour of one car alone, while a German maxim got on another and properly peppered it. A few bullets and stray pieces of shrapnel came in through the gun-ports, but did no damage. My casualties—or rather, casualty—was limited to one man rather severely wounded in the arm by a shrapnel splinter. Cars went out in advance of our trenches, and by their fire succeeded in preventing the enemy from developing his attack in the way he had obviously intended, forcing him away from the railway, which ran in a cutting in front of our trenches, and inflicting

some loss. In particular, we knocked out a German machine-gun, killing the officer in command and a corporal, and disabling the gun, which was afterwards brought into our camp. The German intention was more or less to enfilade our trenches by gun-fire while the infantry crossed the railway and deployed on either side of the line to attack the trenches. The fire from the cars, however, forced him to swing to his right and expose his left to fire from our maxims and the infantry fire from the trenches.

Effective Car Fire.

"He certainly attacked very well, and got within 150 yards of our trenches on the left of the line; but again he bumped into the cars, and got it fairly in the neck. After about four hours he had had enough, and sheered off. Unfortunately, the cars could not get across the railway embankment, or we might have given him cheer-oh as he retired. Our force's casualties were three officers and eight men killed, and about forty wounded. Beyond all doubt we saved the infantry a lot of casualties by drawing

(Continued overleaf)



THE EFFECTIVENESS OF C.A.V. HEAD-LAMPS: A MIDNIGHT PICTURE.

This brilliant picture of Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, was taken when the car was standing on the railway bridge, at midnight. The distance from the front of the car to the end of the road is at least 250 yards, and the only light used was that of a pair of C.A.V. "F" head-lamps. There are some rather dangerous turnings at this spot, but with a good driving light all of them can be seen.—[Photograph by Birrell.]

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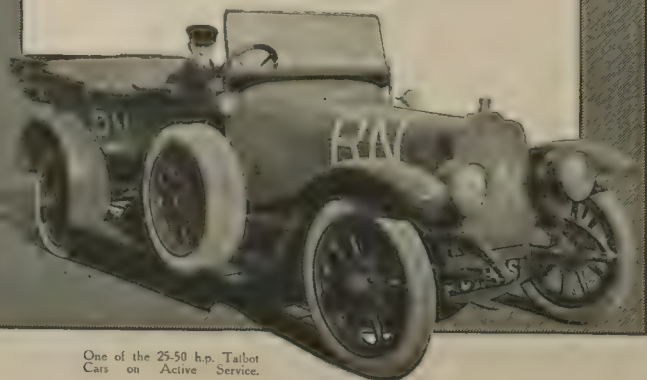
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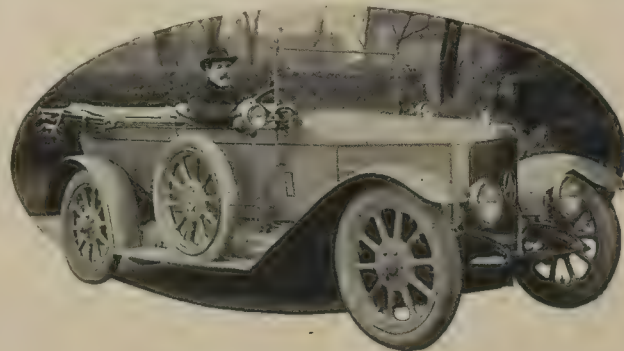
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the German gun-fire on to the cars, apart from the actual damage we did to the other side. The behaviour of all my people was simply splendid. No funk, no misgivings. They all treated the affair as a sort of day out, and I can tell you I am proud of my boys." As practically all the personnel of the armoured car are connected one way or



A COUNTRY RUN: A STANDARD 9½-H.P. ALL-BRITISH LIGHT-CAR OUTSIDE THE OLD CHURCH AT MARSTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

another with the motoring industry, this little battle was a tribute to the fighting capacity of the world of wheels.

Pillion Peril. I notice that during the past few weeks quite a number of accidents have taken place to motor-cyclists who have been carrying a passenger *en pillion* on the carrier behind the rider. Time after time the Press has called attention to this dangerous method of giving a friend a ride—and it is usually a lady. In the Isle of Man, where the motor-cycling road-races have taken place each year, the authorities there had to pass a special Act forbidding this method of passenger carrying. In case of a side-slip or other contretemps, nothing but good luck can save the passenger from serious if not fatal injury; and I am afraid, if motor-cyclists do not discontinue this pastime, our own authorities will be compelled to follow the example of the Isle of Man. —W. W.

SOME NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

EMPIRES dissolve and peoples disappear; Song passes not away"—so sings the poet; and so, even in the midst of war's alarms, the daintily bound little books of verse continue from time to time to come forth from the press. Of those we have received, the first in importance and interest is Mr. John Masefield's "Philip the King; and Other Poems" (Heinemann). The title-piece is a one-act play turning on the arrival in Spain of the news of disaster to the Armada. When it comes to the description of the sea-fight and the storm and the wrecks, Mr. Masefield is, of course, in his element. So he is in several of the shorter poems, where he fairly revels in his love of the sea and the sailor's life, and his memories of many tall ships. "Biography" is a charming bit of autobiography, which will take the wind out of the sails of any prosy compiler of dates and facts who may think to record the poet's career with

"About this time," or "shortly after this."

For the rest, "The River" is a wonderfully strong and tragic story-poem about a good ship's doom; while "August, 1914" will live among the poems inspired by the great war, telling of those taciturn home-loving Berkshire men, who in other days—

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's little sheaf of song, "The Silk-Hat Soldier; and Other Poems" (John Lane), has sprung entirely from the war. The title-poem has rather an American ring. It is a mixture of slang and earnest, but none the less forcible and sincere. Of the five other pieces, "Christmas in War Time" is the most appealing

But this year, children, if you needs must play,
Play very softly, underneath your breath;
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death
Makes England holy with sorrow this Christmas Day.

The remaining books on our list have nothing to do with the war. Mr. Gilbert Frankau's volume, "Tid'apa" (What Does It Matter?), contains the powerful and poignant tale of the Aden rake and the little French *filles de joie* he tried to save—a Kipling-like tragedy which made a sensation a few months back in the pages of the *English Review*. It well bears reprinting.

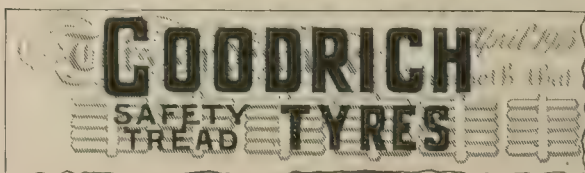
"Poems," by Maurice Maeterlinck (Methuen), is a collection of the famous Belgian's early ventures in poetic symbolism, done into English verse by Bernard Miall. Symbolism, even in the hands of genius, is not everybody's reading, but doubtless all good Maeterlinckians will rejoice in this book. From symbolism we turn to Indian mysticism, as exemplified in "Kabir's Poems," translated by Rabindranath Tagore, the well-known modern Indian poet, assisted by Evelyn Underhill, who contributes an interesting introduction. Kabir, who lived in the fifteenth century, though a mystic, was a very intelligent mystic, something of a religious freethinker, and a great enemy of priestcraft. His attacks on the



FOR SERVICE AT THE FRONT: A 35-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER VAUXHALL LIMOUSINE, RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO THE WAR OFFICE FOR THE USE OF A GENERAL OFFICER.

priestly Yogi recall the denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees. Kabir was a weaver and a married man, fond of simple domestic life. His faith is very cheerful and optimistic, as well as mystical, suggesting rather a blend of Charles Kingsley and William Blake. His poems are worth knowing.

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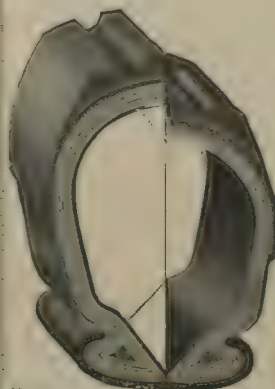
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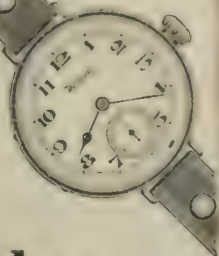
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Arrive Woods (Andover).—Your problems shall be examined. In future communications, we must ask you to submit them on diagrams.

G. Watson (Trenton).—Further problems are under consideration.

M. F. J. Mann (Gurnsey).—We are not able at the moment to refer to the work in question; but, if it is as you say, you have certainly achieved the so-called impossible. We will report shortly.

H. G. B. (Guldford).—If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. Q to Kt 6th is not the right continuation.

R. C. Durrell (South Woodford).—Both problems seem to be sound. They shall appear in their turn.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the National Tournament at the New York Chess Club, between Messrs. CAPABLANCA and HONGES.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd
4. Castles B to K 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th B to Q 2nd
7. R to K sq P takes P
8. Kt takes P
9. B to B sq Kt takes Kt
The form of the St. Louis defence here used is one that its great exponent, after some experience, modified by playing P to Q R 3rd before P to Q 4th. It is a very strong move when P to K 4th, who ought not to continue with R to K sq. White's preceding move is a curious and interesting one.

10. Q takes Kt B to B 3rd
11. P to Q Kt 4th K to R sq
12. B to Kt 2nd Kt to Kt sq
13. Kt to Q 5th P to B 3rd
14. Kt to B 4th Q to B sq
15. R to K rd Q to Kt 4th
There is already a sense of helplessness in Black's play. It will be seen how White's reply renders this a perfectly useless move; but there is so little else to be done. Perhaps B to Q 2nd was the best available.

16. P to Kt 3rd Q to B sq
Because it is the only possible anticipation of 17. B to R 3rd, which practically wins.

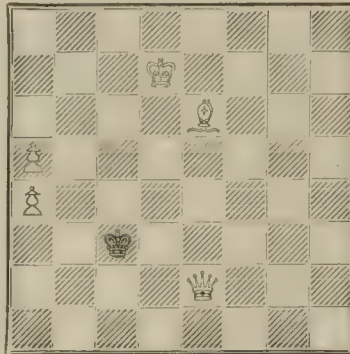
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3707 received from C. A. M. (Penang) and Professor K. P. D. (Rangoon); of No. 3708 from K. P. D. and K. V. K. (Madras); of No. 3709 from J. Rocher (Regina, Sask.); and C. W. B. (San Francisco); of No. 3701 from Charles Wiling (Philadelphia), J. B. Canara (Madras), and J. Murray (Quebec); of No. 3702 from F. Tracta (Tribun, Spain), C. Barreto (Madrid), J. B. Canara,

Y. Kontineni (Raah, Finland), and G. R. D. Farmer (Aneaster, Ontario); of No. 3703 from Jacob Verrall (Ridwell), J. B. Canara, and Rev. G. Street (Telconale); of No. 3704 from Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), W. Dittol Tjassens (Apeldoorn), and Jacob Verrall.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3705 received from G. Stillingfleet Johnston (Colham), J. J. Dennis (Gosport), R. Worters (Canterbury), J. F. G. Petersen (Kingswinford), Blair H. Cochrane (Hartung), G. Wilkinson (Brixton), J. Fowler, A. H. Arthur (Bath), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), R. C. Durrell (South Woodford), A. L. Payne (Lazonby), H. P. Cole (Tunbridge Wells), and J. Smart.

PROBLEM No. 3707.—By G. Watson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3704.—By T. W. GEARY.

WHITE

1. Kt to Kt 6th
2. Q to B 6th (ch)
3. Kt to K 7th (mate)

BLACK

- B takes P
- K takes Q

If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Q to R 2nd (ch); if 1. P to Q 6th, 2. Q takes P (ch); and if 1. B to Kt sq, then 2. K to Q 7th, and 3. Q mates.

It is of much interest to know that Messrs. Garrard and Co., Goldsmiths to the Crown, are holding at their well-known establishment at 24, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, an exhibition of Old English plate, organised for the benefit of the funds of the British Red Cross Society and St. John of Jerusalem in England. The exhibition includes a selection from the royal collections, graciously lent by their Majesties the King and Queen, and also specimens from a large number of the finest private collections in the country, embracing many notable examples of Old English silver-work never previously exhibited, and of remarkable charm and interest.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil of the Sixth EARL MOUNT CASHELL, of Beryl, Wells, Somerset, who died on April 1, are proved by Algernon Ed. Gilliat and Robert Gilliat, the nephews, the value of the estate being £39,591. Testator gives £1000 to Colonel the Hon. John S. Trefusis; £2000 to Robert Seymour Bridges; £1000 to Arthur R. Peel; £1100 to A. E. Gilliat; £500 to the Bishop of Crediton; £1000 each to Charles and Walter Gilliat; £500 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £100 to the Wells Cottage Hospital; £1000 to his housekeeper Mary Cairns; £800 to his housemaid Maggie Cranston; £500 to his gardener; other legacies, and the residue to Algernon E. Gilliat, Charles Gilliat, and Walter Gilliat.

The will of Mr. JOHN MARTINEAU FLETCHER, of 9, Stanhope Street, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on March 29, is proved, the value of the property being £48,162. The testator gives £5000 to his wife; £4000 each to his children; £2400 to his daughter-in-law; £100 each to the executors; legacies to servants; and the residue to his wife for life, and then for his children. Owing to the present state of war and the consequent depreciation of securities, the payment of the legacies of £4000 to each of the children may be held over until the decease of Mrs. Fletcher.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1911) with two codicils of Mr. WALTER AGNEW, of 7, Bryanston Square, W., senior partner in Christie, Manson and Woods, who died on April 17, is proved by the widow, Victor Charles Agnew, son, Philip Leslie Agnew, brother, and Sir Henry Paget-Cooke, the value of the estate amounting to £135,252. Testator gives £30,000, his residence and furniture, and during widowhood, the income from £120,000, or from one-fourth should she again marry, to his wife; £5000 to his son Victor Charles; £2500 each to his children Richard Leslie and Phyllis Mary; ten £1 shares in Bradbury, Agnew and Co. to each of his sons; and £100 each to brother and Sir Henry Paget-Cooke. Subject to the interest of Mrs. Agnew, the sum of £120,000 is to be divided among his children. The residue of the property goes to his children, the share of a son to be double that of a daughter.

The will of Mrs. MARGARET EMMELINE CASTLE, of Hawford, Worcester, who died on March 13, is proved by Captain Norton Clowes Castle, son, and John R. C. Deverell, the value of the property being £103,680 7s. 10d. Testatrix gives £30,000 in trust for her daughter for life, with remainder to her grandsons Reginald Arthur John and Jack Charles Julius; £500 to John R. C. Deverell; legacies to servants; and the residue to her son.

The following important wills have been proved—
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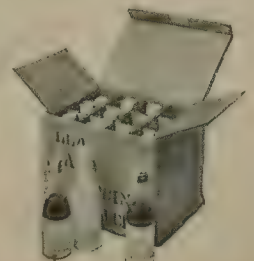
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TALES OF ARMAGEDDON.—I. DUTY.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

Illustrated by A. C. MICHAEL.

THE Colonel commanding accomplished the unusual and the unconstitutional—he took the field-receiver from the hands of the operator and spoke to the fire-trench himself. There was a small sweat on his forehead as he did this. His hand was weak at the wrist. The kick and smack of the battery in the woods got between him and his conversation for the first moment, in spite of the tight clasp of the headpiece hearing-mechanism. He heard the voice talking at the other end as one hears a wobbly song on a bad gramophone. He felt that his faculties were running away from him, and he pulled himself together with a litany of "Helloes" muttered in plain chant. The voice at the other end said with biting distinctness—"Isn't that you, Sir?"

And the Colonel answered, with colossal lack of repartee—

"It's me speaking, Arthur." The Colonel then wondered what on earth he would say next. The Lieutenant in the fire-trench in the Gap helped out the trying moment.

"You're shooting fine," he declared enthusiastically. "Your old guns are giving 'em it hot and fine. Every shot a target."

The Colonel's lips were dry, and he licked them.

"Ah," he said, in a voice that yawned and veered over an octave.

"Ah, we can hit, if we can't do anythin' else. The man here tells me that you report—that is, *are* we doin' any good? Are we stoppin' the devils at all?"

"Drop your ranging another degree," said the distant voice; "they've broken from the sunk road. Concentrate one-five-nought to right, on the field marked 18 on the map. They're coming across that—bunched."

The Sergeant-Major at the Colonel's elbow howled the new directions through a megaphone as the Colonel spoke them over his shoulder. The guns eased off in their calm and frantic work for a moment as the layers tuned them to the correction. It was but a deep breath of silence in the uproar of the fighting.

"We're not checkin' them, then?" said the Colonel across the 'phone; his eyes lifted, as he spoke, to the notch in the hill ahead, as though he wanted to look at his hearer.

"Not your fault anyhow, Sir," said the younger voice across the wire. "Every one of your pips gets 'em plumb. There are no misses—but I told you that just now. It's gospel, anyway."

"But we don't stop 'em?"

"Couldn't stop 'em unless you had a brigade with you. You shore them down by the bushel at every shrapnel burst; but, lordy, that couldn't stop 'em. The ground's alive with them. They are piling up in their usual mass, y' know. Until you get help you can't do more than your most. Good work, anyhow—not your fault, Sir."

The Colonel looked at the Gap before him

(Copyright in U.S.A. by W. Douglas Newton.)

with eyes vacant and opaque with helplessness. If it had not been for the trees he might have turned and shot an anxious glance across the flat and puritan plain behind him. The trees, however, mattered very little. He knew almost to the minute when he might expect to see something on that plain. And the exact minute was not here yet.

"When," said the voice, in a tone a little difficult, "when do you expect your reinforcements, Sir? Soon?"

The Colonel looked at the watch on his wrist. It was a stare of habit. He knew the times by heart.

"Not very soon," he said. "Twenty-five minutes yet. Our message caught the reserve batteries watering, and the cavalry with 'em. Twenty-five minutes more, at least."

There was a thick pause over the wire. Then the young voice answered, not so youthfully, not so cheerfully—"Oh—oh, I see."

The Colonel's eyes were still fixed on the Gap. He was seeing now what he had not been able to see at the beginning of this engagement—that is, the curd-white vapour of his own shrapnel smoke lifting and showing a little through the Gap. Each piece of his battery was swinging shell over the ridge of the hill and exploding it at the regulation eighty or so yards in front of the unseen but oncoming enemy. As the enemy came closer to the Gap the shrapnel cloud became more apparent. The cloud the Colonel saw meant the enemy was very close. The voice from the Gap was more sure of itself when it spoke again: it had the timbre of training and discipline in it.

"Another two degrees shorter, please, Sir," it said. "They made ground with a run then. Same line of direction." And then, in a second or so, "Good, you caught them hot that time: that finishes off the first line—wish they hadn't so many infernal lines, though."

"How close are they?" asked the Colonel in a husky voice.

"They've reached our one-fifty-range mark in places. I say, our rifles are giving them dough. We're letting them have it as fast as magazines can be worked, and every shot is telling. Lord! how they are tumbling—you'd think they were comedians doing it for the laugh they would get. It's like—it's like the comic crowd in a cinema picture."

"Yes," said the Colonel, and he cleared his throat spasmodically. "Yes—but will your rifles do any good?"

"No," said the young voice decisively.

"No good?"

"No good at all. We're a handful only. We couldn't kill them all if we worked overtime with both hands. It's like reaping a cornfield with a pocket-knife. We're doing our best, but—"

"How long will it be?"

"God help us, father," said the voice at the other end of the 'phone.



"Ten minutes now. They'll be into our lines then—sure."

The Colonel's grey face broke to a keener sweat.

"God help us, my boy," he said painfully.

"God help us, father," said the voice at the other end of the 'phone.

"You know—you know they are not to break through the Gap, if our human effort can stop them." The Colonel spoke into the 'phone with a sort of strained earnestness. "They must be checked at all costs—at all costs."

The 'phone was silent for a moment. Then the young voice said quietly, "I'm awfully sorry, father—for you. It's damned hard."

When the Colonel handed the 'phone back to the sphinx who had managed it previously, his face was grey, but his cold alertness had only increased. He went back to his station without dramatic display. He managed and nursed his guns without outward emotion. By this time the shells were striking out white plumes and bulbs against the grey sky above the crest of the Gap. The explosions had the effect of many balls of cotton-wool pinned on to a distemper wall. The effect was queer, and even pretty. The results were not at all pretty. Somewhere about eighty yards below the crest of the Gap the shrapnel was tearing and whipping the lives out of many men. On the road that led up to the Gap and on the soft turf about that road the enemy was pushing his men up to break through the defenders. They had reached that point in their heavy assault when all the masses of the charge had converged and concentrated for the final rush against a narrow front. Into this mob the shrapnel was striking.

The battery, notorious for its accuracy, was never more accurate. As his son had told the Colonel over the telephone, not one shot missed. The excessive output of the six guns was covering with a terrible fire but a few yards of space. The effect of the shrapnel-beat must be almost solid. And the nearer the enemy drew to the Gap the closer the front drew together, and the more bitter and concentrated would be the fire. It would go on being more and more terrible until the enemy reached the Gap. When that happened the narrow cañon cut out of the steep and difficult hill would be nothing less than an inferno. It would be packed with explosion, scorched and seared with an unceasing fire.

Never for a moment would the fire stop. Those were the orders.

When the enemy launched this attack on an extreme flank against this Gap, its chief promise of success came from its elements of surprise and power. The enemy had collected cleverly and with stealthy discretion a big force in a place where a big force was not anticipated. It had launched this force against an exceedingly weak one. The defenders had relied on the remoteness of the position and the natural strength of the Gap itself for defence. They had none too many troops to spare along their front, and they had placed here as much force, as they could adequately spare, considering the exigencies. A handful of men held the works of the Gap proper, with a few outposts in a thin line of advance butts down the further slope. The Gap itself was actually the only point prepared for defence and held. The crest of the hill was impracticable—for both offence and defence. A second line of works was in the plain-beneath the Gap, and behind them should have been some reserves, only the firing line had swallowed up those reserves at the beginning of the affair. This and the Colonel's battery made up the total scheme of resistance. In the usual way the force

would have been quite adequate to hold the Gap against an ordinary attack until reinforcements came up—as they could do very quickly at the first alarm.

The peril to the men defending the Gap arose from the fact that the attack was not ordinary. It had been driven forward with a strength beyond calculation and with a swiftness beyond expectation. Other attacks had been launched against different sectors of the defending-line points for days, so that an assault here had not been thought of. Thus, also, when the alarm had been given, the only battery in the reserve was one that had come, rather exhausted, out of the general battle-scheme, and, as the Colonel said, even that had been caught watering its horses. It had promised to come up at a great hurry, and the cavalry with it were going to hurry more; but the delay, as well as the swiftness of the enemy's attack, made it doubtful if they could arrive in time.

The enemy, indeed, were outstripping the reliefs, which was what they intended to do. Their attack had pushed up-hill with a fine swing, had swamped over the outposts, and was surging upwards at a great pace. The cold and scientific fire of the battery, with the Lieutenant in the fire-trench directing it consummately, had checked down the headlong fervour of the rush, but it had only been able to do that. The enemy came on more slowly, but they came on certainly all the same. It had become pretty obvious now that they were bound to arrive at the crest of the Gap before the reinforcements came into the battle. And when they arrived at the crest it was obvious also that they would break through the thin and indomitable line of defence there.

It was not so much their possibility of arriving at the crest, but their breaking through that made the Colonel's face so grey.

His orders were that they must not break through. At all costs he was to prevent them—as far as humanly possible—from doing that. If the enemy broke through they would come out on the flank of the defending force, would pour down into country which, though distant from the main line, was yet easy ground for an army moving to action. If the enemy got through here he might swing the battle over to this wing, for he could pour troops through the Gap on to the plain, and attack along a new front. The Commander

of the defending army would have to readjust his line; and, in a hurry, the manoeuvre would probably prove fatal to him. At all costs, then, the enemy, even though he reached the Gap, was to be prevented coming through it. The Colonel, as well as the Commander-in-Chief, considered that this could be done. Directly the enemy appeared on top of the crest the battery would have to concentrate its guns in an annihilating fire on to the head of the attack. This, with the machine-gun and rifle fire from the second line of works, would undoubtedly sweep the Gap clean, blow into eternity every human atom in that position: for this side of the Gap was woefully exposed to fire—the trenches had been cut, for instance, so that the defending guns could search them with terrible ease.

The Colonel recognised exactly what he was to do, and what his guns could do. His pain was that, when his shells began to kill, they would not only slaughter the attackers—they would kill the few defenders remaining.

The Colonel was now in position behind his guns, and he could see from the tumult at the Gap that his moment of awful duty was very close. The shells were bursting high up, and the vapour of battle was being torn into vast spirals



"They're bunching for the rush, Sir."

of agitation by the movements of battling men. The Colonel stood very quietly looking at the hill. He had searched it closely through his glasses for a last sight of his son, but he had not found him. Duty was demanding much of him with its inexorable purpose.

The Battery Sergeant-Major came galloping from the 'phone, and, as he ran, he yelled to the Colonel—

"They're bunching for the rush, Sir. Mr. Arthur says, 'Get ready.'"

As he spoke, the noise that had come from the Gap took on a new and harsher note. The hillside no longer intervened between the battery and the tumult of the assault. A wild gust of shouting drove upwards through the chattering of rifles and quick-firers and the smack of the shells. Then, writhing and tortured against the sky-line, a whirlwind of men lifted in silhouette.

The muzzles of the guns had already dropped to a more deadly level. Now they began to fire once more.

The guns leapt off with tremendous and calculated energy. They spat shells at the Gap in an electric stream. A terrific burst of fire leapt upward from the fringes of the woods and plunged at the ganglion of writhing men against the sky-line. Over this ganglion there appeared from out the sky a series of bright flashes, like the flashes of magnesium bursting from the prettiest kind of rockets; from these flashes there spread, with astonishing rapidity, coronals of delicate smoke.

Very quickly the coronals blended, and over the Gap there hung a banked pall of curded vapour. This vapour settled down upon the whirl of men, swirled at first with their mad motions, and then, as it deepened, hung stagnant like a sea-fog. But always in this womb of smoke the incandescent and impermanent flashes of shrapnel came and went. From the supporting trenches the maxims were going at the bubble, and their hoses of shot were striking solid into the men—if the shrapnel let any live—on the crest. The rifles of the supports, too, were improving the killing hour. The crest of the Gap must be Hades.

They could hear the uninterrupted clamour of explosion reverberating and throbbing as it came back to them from the narrow walls of the cutting. Between those walls bursts of shells were exploding every fraction of a second.

The place must be tingling with detonation, and dense with the down-thresh of the soft shrapnel bullets. And, threading those bullets, the nickled pellets of the rifles would be boring their way in sweeping charges. Nothing at all could live in an atmosphere made so scientifically lethal. Anything and everything breathing on the crest must be annihilated by the defenders.

The Colonel knew this more than well. He was standing behind his guns, gazing and gazing at the Gap. If he had

thought at all, it was but a wonder that his mind should be so blank and comatose while this horrible thing was happening—to him.

All the same, he said nothing and did his work. When the reserve battery and the whooping cavalry came bucketting up, he did not speak of his son. He stood quiet; he did his duty quietly. But when the guns lifted their fire and the dismounted troopers who had gone up the hill began yelling with the heady yell of victory, he was glad to "hook in" and go back. The reserve artillery had taken the place of his over-tired men, and more guns were coming along.

The fat, foot-slogging columns of infantry that the Commander had sent up cheered the gunners as they rattled rearward. They had heard the news. They knew who had saved the situation.

The Colonel did not hear the cheering. He was not remembering that he had saved the situation. He was remembering that he had not only fired into the head of the attack and killed the men of it, but that he had fired on the poor few of the defenders left and had killed them. . . .

And his own son's voice had been sending directions to the very last.

The Commander-in-Chief made a point of congratulating him, and he did it a little too heartily—Commanders-in-Chief are sometimes like that, the Colonel

thought. The Commander thought it had been a magnificent piece of work. The Colonel wanted to get away. He said drearly—

"I'm afraid some of our men suffered. I had to fire on to them too—perhaps you know that?"

"Yes, I know," said the Commander. He frowned, but not enough for the Colonel. "It's beastly—but that sort of thing can't be helped."

The Colonel resented a light shade in his

tone. He said stiffly, "I fear they were all wiped out—poor fellows."

"Yes," answered the Commander. "Most were—poor fellows indeed."

"Most?" said the Colonel, and he had difficulty with his breath.

"Nearly all," said the Commander-in-Chief. "Three were brought out. I'm recommending them for decoration—they deserve it."

"Three," said the Colonel. "Three. Could you say—"

"The observation officer was one," answered the Commander, and his eyes were very kind.

The Colonel was very quiet before he said, "The observation officer was my son, Sir."

"I know. He is to have the highest decoration I can give—but I think it is his father who deserves a higher."

[THE END.]



The reserve battery . . . came bucketting up.



The Commander-in-Chief made a point of congratulating him.



TALES OF ARMAGEDDON. — II. SACRIFICE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A BULLET hit the ground with a snuffling *phut* seventeen inches from the Captain's left elbow. The earth was rain-sodden and soft, so that practically nothing flicked upward. All the same, the Captain jerked a little, in his usual way; and the Major didn't notice him, in his usual way. The Major was no more than a year or so older than his junior, but he had by many years a bigger heart and a broader mind. Also, he imagined he knew why the Captain had the habit of wincing, and, against his own feelings, he pitied the fellow.

So he stared with strenuous concentration at the polished water, and pretended to make those calculations he had completed ninety seconds ago. The enemy, of course, were trying to find the pontoon train with their shrapnel, just as eagerly as their riflemen were out to kill the two officers "one time."

The Captain said in an Adam's-apple school of voice—

"Will you—will we boom out, do you think, or raft the thing?"

The Major had decided they would do neither, but he gave the matter and the river the benefit of another mathematical and topographical calculation. The Captain had mentioned the two least dangerous methods of bridging with his infallible instinct for personal immunity. Booming out meant that the bridge should be constructed from its tail, and shoved across stream as each floating bay was completed. The river had to be an amenable sort of river for that business; this river wasn't. Rafting meant that each section of the bridge would be built in a cove (and, of course, under cover), and these sections would be whipped to the bridging point and connected up like oiled lightning at a signal. Like the rafting-out method, it gave the maximum amount of immunity to the workers; but, like rafting, the river had to be an ally. This river was a brute.

"No," said the Major; "'fraid those won't do. River too deep" (men had to work in it at the tail of bridge), "and banks too steep for booming. And as for rafting—where are your coves?"

"What about swinging?"
(That means building your bridge against the bank, pushing out the head when complete, and allowing the way of the stream to do the rest.)
"We might swing her, don't you think?"

"I've been thinking that out," said the Major. "Have you been watching that floating snag?" He pointed to a branch that had got itself on to the surface of the water, but not long ago, as the leaves were still fresh and green. "I have. It's moved no more than an inch in the last ten minutes. No current for swinging, you know."

The Captain sat back under deeper cover and sighed.

"You're right, Jimmy. We must get her across in the good old ticklish way—Lord help the lot of us, for the blighters across

will give it us hot enough! A cheery lot is the lot of the Engineers. If we hadn't to be so infernal cold-blooded, I'd like it rather more. We could get a smack in somewhere before they finished us."

"I know," said the Major; and he also knew that the Captain was thinking of Beatrice. That made it harder for Max, he knew—he was trying not to think of her himself. The twain wormed back to the place where the pontoons were waiting hidden. As they went they met the first fringes of the light infantry battalion that was to help. The light infantrymen were engaged in the natty sport of trying to be Red Indians. They were sliding forward on the most tender portions of their anatomy, and each hand's-breadth of cover appealed to them with infinite allure. The Major picked out the Section Commander nearest, not by his bonny little sword, because he had none, but because his face was washed, which is a sign of the officer caste. The Major yelled precise and pointed details of the river bank, which the Section Commander understood like a craftsman. The Section Commander, indeed, was an assured and cheering soul. He was firmly convinced that the bridge-building trick was going to be a simple and even luxurious piece of work. He had brought up his chaps to help. He had a great heart and a lot of skill. Even before the Engineers had reached the train they heard the crisp, rivetter-like tapping of the light-infantry rifles along the river bank.

Their own artillery, too, was swinging shells over a coppice and over the stream. The gunners were nosing out the batteries planted on the further bank and killing them. The artillery would have to keep a lot of the shelling down if the bridge was to be built. The job would be impossible without the artillery, though it would be bad enough in any case.

The Major and the Captain knew this, but the Captain knew it particularly. His face was the colour of wood ashes, though he kept himself calm enough, and issued his orders without quaver. The Major watched him, and felt sorry. It didn't seem quite fair that Max should have to go down in the thick of that hell, knowing what was waiting for him back at home. After all, if both of them had been after Beatrice, Max had won her. It didn't seem quite cricket that the winner should lose now, and the loser would probably win out of this affair. Max was quite calm, but the Major could see the memory and the promise of Beatrice sapping at his heart. The first pontoon was off at a rush, with the giddy Lieutenant boy bumping it on at top-notch.

Before the Captain left with the second the Major was at his side.

"Stay here, Max," he said crisply. "I'm going down to the river. Pass the stuff out to me as quickly as you can. I'll get a signaller into the willows."

The Captain turned and stiffened and

(Continued overleaf.)



Both men looked squarely into each other's eyes.

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The Attack on the Zeppelin.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARSON.

A red bomb, called a tracer-bomb, is used for anti-aircraft guns to find the range of hostile aircraft at night. It leaves a trail of red sparks and bursts red. By day a bomb leaving a trail of black smoke is employed.

stared. Both men looked squarely into each other's eyes, and both thoroughly understood.

"Thanks, Jimmy," said the Captain very quietly; "but that's not necessary."

The Major felt a little exasperated, as men thwarted in self-sacrifice do feel a little exasperated, but he didn't feel much. He was not of the small type.

"We needn't have any melodrama about this," he said calmly. "It's perfectly reasonable that you should work here and I should work at the river bank. I've got the idea into my head—that's enough."

"It's not to be done, Jimmy," said the Captain; but he wasn't very much in earnest. "I couldn't possibly allow it."

"You're not asked to allow," said the Major hardly. "If anyone does allowing here, I'm the feller. Do what you've got to do, and don't talk."

The Major went down with the second pontoon and the timber wagon, driving them like a minor express, to the river bank.

The first pontoon was already out on the river and anchored: in the lightning habit of the Engineers, the baulks of the fifteen-foot span were already down, and the chesses that formed the roadway were going down like magic. As the second pontoon was run into the stream and towed out, the span of the first was practically complete, the ribands rack-lashed to the baulks, and the eight-foot pathway completed. Over this span the Engineers swarmed like ants with their baulks and chesses, and the second bay was leaping to life at once.

The Major was at the end of the span by this. He was standing over the water, as excited as the Sphinx and infinitely more practical. Under him the water was beginning to spit up in irresponsible fountains, and even in the wood about him he could hear the slap of the bullets driving home. A man with a baulk on his shoulder took a long stagger near him, fell forward over his boots, threw water all over the advancing bridge head as he took the stream. The Major might have tried to save him if he hadn't seen his head as he fell.

The whole of the water was breaking into flashes of spume, but the bridge grew. The enemy were pumping shell at it, and the water burst up in cascades as these struck, but the growing spans were immune for the moment. The artillery was doing good work. If it hadn't quite subdued the enemy's guns, it had flurried the gunners.

The Major was astonishingly calm. He had done this sort of thing so often before on service and in practice that he did it now like a clock. Even when the enemy's ranging became better, and the shrapnel not only came over but flogged the planking with its iron-thongs, he worked as surely as a builder's foreman. He was not only preoccupied with his work, he was preoccupied with his thoughts. He could think quite easily. His job at the moment was purely mechanical. His mind was working round Max and Beatrice.

Hard luck on Max, he was thinking. They had both played fair about Beatrice; but Max, who had the brains, had won in the end. He had thought he himself had had a chance once. Beatrice had been very sweet—but then Beatrice couldn't help being sweet to her dog even. When Max had told him how things were between Beatrice and himself he had known he was out of the running. Max had been cut up about breaking it to him; no wonder—they were pals.

But, in spite of his nervousness, he had done it well—he had got the truth out, and the truth had been final. Beatrice preferred Max to Jimmy, and had said so. "Poor old Max," sighed the Major; "this war cut right in on his luck. No wonder he shies at a job like this."

The enemy made their first hit when the fourth bay was half-way done. A percussion shrapnel plunged on to the third pontoon and blew it to glory. The fourth pontoon tipped like a swing, and the Major came down hard on the baulks. Three of the sappers were in the water, but they could swim like ducks. Another yelled, as he struck water; he came up under the Major, and the Major had just enough wits left from his bump to hoick him by his collar-band and hold him tight. The man could only use one arm.

The water was swashing up and hitting the Major in the face; and even when he was free of it he could hear the shrapnel striking down at the water with the noise of flung gravel. He wondered how long he had to live; and he was angry because, after all, the sacrifice he had made wouldn't serve. Max would have to come along and

take his risk. But the shrapnel hit everything but the Major. After he had been hanging there an eternity of about forty seconds, a Sergeant came along and pulled both of them into safety. The bridge, what was left of it, swayed like a drunken nightmare as the Sergeant exerted his strength, but he did the trick well. The Major shook himself, and got to work again. The third pontoon was gone, but the anchors of the other pontoons had held and the roadway was still holding at the joins, thanks to the ribands and rack-lashings. The first two bays were almost intact. It wasn't so bad, thought the Major,

and the Engineers began building once more. They began to build that bridge five separate times. There was a blind, antlike tenacity about them. Smash the bridge, and at once the only thought that occurred to them was to get at it and build it out again. They have the habit of building again. They know perfectly well that one time they will build too swiftly for the gunners, and then they will win. The gunners on the other bank worked hard; but the artillery behind the trees had found them out, and were inexorably smothering them with their

fire. Thus the bridge moved steadily on. Each time it was smashed it crept forward yet further before it was smashed again.

The Major should have been killed many times. He was not touched. He worked steadily with his men at the bridge-head, and he advanced slowly as it advanced. There were moments



The Major might have tried to save him if he hadn't seen his head as he fell.



One time they will build too swiftly for the gunners, and then they will win.

when the gunners appeared to be shelling him exclusively; there were periods when the riflemen across the river appeared to devote all their attention and skill to his one person. The bridge was rattling with the drum-taps of death, the baulks stripping and bursting into clouds of silver splinters as the bullets struck. The Major stood amid the pack of death, doing his job without hurry,



Spreading outward over the pastures in long cobwebby lines.

and apparently without nerves. He was an animated Buddha giving an example of calm to the world of perennial calm under the most trying of circumstances. When he thought about his position at all, he mentioned to his mind that it would be very hard on Max if his good luck should have tailed at the end, and that it was as well not to take risks. He also told himself that Beatrice was worth it—but when he told himself that, he felt rather self-conscious, and remembered so many actors who had said that sort of thing in a cream-coloured limelight. He shuddered at himself in any sort of limelight. But though he had sacrificed himself, he wasn't at all jolly in the situation. He liked dying about as much as any healthy man—that is, he did not like it at all. Although he appeared calm, he knew exactly what shrapnel was meant to do, and what nickel-coated bullets (the brutes had a habit of turning in the air, and the wound they made when they came side-on was vile) ought to do. There were moments when his throat was scorched and his head ready to burst with the hammering of his pulse. He was afraid enough, and he didn't feel the least heroic; but he stuck to his job, which shows that, after all, he was no different from any other officer the world over, though he had taken Max's place and risk.

But he was not killed. His uniform was holed in several places, but miracles seemed to wait on him, to serve him. After a time he forgot about the shrapnel, and he forgot about Max, and he forgot about Beatrice. All he thought about was the fine problem of getting his bridge across. His work got hold of him, and he wanted to do it well. When they smashed the middle span as his boys were getting a ramp on to the further bank, it was only by a huge effort that he remembered it was his duty to be calm and cheerful under all manner of nasty circumstances. It was a bad break, but they healed it all right, with the shrapnel kicking up a shower-bath all about them, and the sting of picric vapour cutting into their very eyes and lungs. In a flash of minutes the first delighted platoon of the infantry went rollicking and grinding over the gravel his men had thoughtfully scattered on the chasses. Two battalions of infantry romped over in sections of fours; broke to the bank; went spreading outward over the pastures in long, cobwebby lines. As they pressed forward the enemy's firing-line became more nervous, the enemy's batteries edged back. Cavalry in half-sections passed over the bridge, the troopers leading the horses; and after them lolled the joggling horse-guns, making the bridge dip and swing and the water cluck against the pontoons as they crossed. When the horse-guns were over, the Major's job was done. He crossed back himself, making for the Engineers' camp.

As he went, Max and Beatrice came again into his mind. He did not think at all about what he had done; he hoped that Max had got off as free as he had. There were a few bullets dropping about, but the main game had ended, and now all was fairly safe. As he came near the camp he saw the bearers were busy, and he saw there had been a few casualties. The first of the stretcher-parties crossed his path, and he had to step aside to let it go.

The man on the stretcher put up an arm as the bearers passed, and the man on the stretcher called out "Jimmy."

Max was on the stretcher, and the Major had only to look at him once to know that he would soon be a dead man. The Captain knew that too.

"They got me," he said, "twenty minutes ago. I was well under cover, but the infernal thing lobbed right over—shrapnel. Too close for any chance for me."

"All right, old chap," said the Major easily, in spite of the unpleasant pain under his chest. "You write and tell me all about it when you get to the base hospital. You'll be fitter then, and you'd better get to the dressing-station before the crowds arrive."

"You're a bad liar, Jimmy," said Max, "but a real good sort. I know when done's done. I'm done . . . But I'm afraid I'm a bad sort and a good liar. I told you a lie about Beatrice."

"All right, old sport. You write from the base about that too."

"I lied," said the Captain grimly. "I tell you I lied. Beatrice don't want me—she wants you. When I told you—you otherwise, I was playing for keeps. She told me how her heart stood when she turned me down. But I thought if I warned you off—kept you away, you know—she'd come round to me when she found she was neglected. You said I had the brains. I used 'em—against you. I knew your nature and I knew hers. You're both of the non-speaking type. So I lied. I tell you I lied. I've kept a letter of hers which will tell you about it. I've kept it for this sort of thing. Now, so long."

The Captain went off to the dressing-station. They took him along to the field-hospital an hour later, but he died in the motor-ambulance on the way.

The Major read Beatrice's letter. It was the sort of letter a woman would write to a man she had rejected, but still liked a great deal. There was a lot about the Major in it. Beatrice said that she couldn't understand the Major. He had not come near the place since Max had proposed and been told why he was rejected. Beatrice said plainly Max knew how her heart was, and she wanted him to use all his power to get the Major to come to



"So I lied. I tell you I lied. . . . Now, so long."

see her or to write—if only for an explanation. Beatrice, poor girl, was evidently at her wits' end. The letter made it obvious how much she wanted the Major.

"Poor old Max!" sighed the Major as he wrote the sort of letter Beatrice wanted—to Beatrice. "Poor old Max, his luck was dead out." He had forgotten all about his sacrifice. [THE END.]



1914: The Polo-Player and his Groom.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.



1915: The Polo-Player and his Groom.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.



1914: My Lady's Car.

FROM THE DRAWING BY BALLIOL SALMON.



1915: My Lady's Car.

FROM THE DRAWING BY RALLIOL SALMON.



UP FOR A SCRUB.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARCE.

N.B.—Coloured Plate, "The Allies,"
inserted here.

TALES OF ARMAGEDDON. III BROTHERLY LOVE.

By W. Douglas Newson
Illustrated by A. Forestier.



EVER when her husband's brother came in from the fields the woman did not look up or shift from her graven attitude. She had been sitting in this way for nearly an hour, staring with eyes that did not attempt vision at the gold-mottled dust beyond the doorway of the farm. She might be posing as a statue of grief. Her husband's brother came in and looked at her, but said nothing, because, like her, he came of a sav-little race. He was a stocky and uncouth man, looking bull-necked without his coat, moving with the slight shuffle of the yeoman farmer, which he was. He lit his pipe with a paper spill ignited at the fire—the room was the kitchen as well as the living-room of the small farm—and he stood bluntly with his back to the grate, smoking, and looking at the sun, and looking at the woman. He had the attitude of a man preparing to say some delicate and appropriate thing. It could be seen by the way he looked at the woman that he knew her to be poorly, and that, if Nature had only permitted him that part of brain, he would say something that would comfort her a great deal. In the end, and after much thought, he asked her when the meal would be ready.

The woman probably understood him a great deal better than he did himself. She looked up and smiled. She was attractive when she smiled, for she was young, good-looking, and amiable. She was all this without being particularly distinguished. She was obviously of her brother-in-law's class—and thus of her husband's. All belonged to that industrious but for ever struggling race of small farmers: decent, respectable, profoundly ordinary people who work extraordinarily hard and are yet for ever on the border-line of poverty. The woman smiled at the man and told him that the meal would not be ready yet. Jan, who was her husband, was not back.

The man by the grate was surprised at this, and his mind seized the opportunity of his disturbance to slip out a question about the woman's health. He heard what he had expected to hear—that the woman wasn't very well at all, and he was sorry, for he understood that that meant very ill. Instead of saying so, he asked about Jan. Jan was behaving a little strangely latterly, and his brother was anxious about him.

"Thought Jan was overhauling the ploughing gear," he said. "What's he away for this time?"

"I don't know," said the woman wearily. "He left soon after you went out. He said he had to go into town, and that's all he said."

"Into town," said the brother, and he looked at her blankly.

"That's it," answered the woman. "He went on his bicycle. He told me the time he would be back. I thought at first it was Jan when I heard you coming."

The man at the grate was no longer at the grate, and he was not listening to her quiet monotone. He had gone to the door, and was looking townwards anxiously. He could not see very far, but the action gave him relief. Jan, he was thinking, was acting the fool these days; and these were days in which he had no right to act the fool. Besides, the feller had a wife so sick that she would probably die if any harm came to him.

"He shouldn't do it," he said savagely, but not to the woman particularly. "He has no right messing about the town. Civilians have no right to be fooling about, especially in town. I don't like it."

The woman looked up sharply, her lethargy abruptly dispelled.

"They've not been shooting again," she gasped, "or fighting?"

"No; it's not that," said the man. "The officer they've got now don't shoot so quick as the old one. All the same, it doesn't do to go poking about where soldiers are. They don't like it. I don't like it meself."

The woman was a little mystified; she was a simple person, not quite able to grasp the whole system of military action, procedure, and suspicion. If there was no shooting or fighting in the town (and there had been a lot in the past), she could not quite see where the danger came to her husband. Her husband's brother was

not so sanguine. Jan had been into town rather often lately, and, though Jan had bought his wife many comforts there, the brother had wondered how he had managed to possess so much money. Albert had not the quick wits that had gone to Jan in the family make-up; but these visits to the town, the presence of the Invader in the town, and Jan's unexpected ability to spend seemed to him a suspicious trinity of events. He did not say all this exactly to Jan's wife, because he did not wish to make her afraid. He said that the soldiers of the Invader were a suspicious crew.

The woman was wondering what they had to be suspicious about when her husband came through the farmyard wheeling the bicycle. He waved his hand to them as he went towards the barn in which the machine was stored; and Mary, who had begun to think indignantly that Albert was stupid enough to think her husband might be taken for one of these spies they had all heard so much about, began to think only of her husband and her husband's coat. As he waved to them, she noticed that there was a big rent at the

back just below the left shoulder. She was a neat woman, and the sight of the damage affronted her. With feminine swiftness, she decided that by mending that rent at once she would be able to get it done just in time to serve the meal. When Jan came in the first thing she wanted from him was his coat. Jan was singularly like his brother, only his face was keener—that is,



The woman looked up sharply, her lethargy abruptly dispelled.

though the kinship was strikingly apparent physically, it was strikingly dissimilar when their faces were compared. Albert was all solid industry, honesty, bluntness, and kindness, and his face looked like that. Jan's face was not unpleasant, but it was alert above his station, and that gave it a look which might be called foxy, but which wasn't truly foxy because it was obvious Mary's husband was a decent, pleasant, industrious fellow. He simply had the habit of employing his brain where Albert merely employed his industry, because he obtained better results. This did not mean that Albert was a fool, because when Albert saw a thing he was quick enough in grasping it and acting upon his vision. His difficulty was the immediate seeing of anything.

However, he had seen something very definitely now, and it was making him frown during those moments when husband and wife greeted each other and Mary's will struggled for the possession of the coat her entire soul told her she must mend before she moved to serve the meal. Jan had suddenly developed an unnatural distaste of appearing in his shirt-sleeves like his brother, and was gently repulsing his sick wife in this battle for a mere torn garment. Albert felt even more suspicious about that; he scowled deeper, and told his brother that he had better let the woman have it. He put emphasis on his words, and his quick-witted brother looked at him swiftly, and as swiftly dropped his hand to the top of a little dirty book, one of those books of terribly bad paper sold in his country, and used by the most prudent and slightly educated of the housewives as expense-books. He did not do the act melodramatically, but he did it instinctively. He frowned himself when he saw that his brother had caught his gesture, and pretended that his fingers had some other business than with the book. Albert said evenly that Jan had better let that go too. And the way he said it, and the way he looked, decided Jan that perhaps it would be as well if his coat were mended. It would, for one thing, take Mary out of the kitchen into her bedroom, where her sewing tackle was, and the men would be able to talk. It was palpable that Albert had much to say.

Whatever he had to say, it was never fully said. The two men watched Mary out of the door, Albert had begun to accuse Jan and to tell him that what he was doing would lead to his own death and his wife's if he were caught, and Jan had begun to put a bold face of denial forward, when the troopers rode into the farmyard. They came in quite unexpectedly and abruptly, and the officers who were leading them reined up before the door of the farm before the brothers had grasped the meaning and the danger of their presence. The two men had only time to exchange one look of terror when the Captain and the Lieutenant of the patrol had come to the door, had entered the kitchen, and were telling the two farmers that they and their patrol were to be billeted upon them, that their wants would have to be attended to, and the ordinary papers would be given in exchange and the ordinary compensation paid.

The two officers were of another corps to that which had first invaded the district; they were not so brutal as the old lot. They were made of a gentler and more homely quality; and also orders to be more conciliatory had been posted to the troops occupying this district. All the same, the officers were soldierly, firm men, and, if they could be more kindly, that did not prevent them from showing they meant business if business was in the air. This atmosphere, as well as the sudden descent of the Invaders, numbed the two farmers, and they watched the troopers and their commanders like men caught red-handed in a crime. It was, as

sometimes happens, the slower-witted brother who showed himself more ready at this critical moment. When the officers had stated their business, Albert realised that the affair was no more than ordinary, and the mere fact that the troopers had come here did not mean that his brother's spying had been found out, and that they might, after all, come out safely from this accidental moment. He met the officers politely, his simple countenance hiding whatever emotions there were within him, and he said—

"We must do as you suggest if you press this matter. But I would like to tell you that we have a very sick woman here—the wife of my brother. It will make her fearful if soldiers are stationed here, and her illness will make it difficult for us to attend to you properly. Could you pass us over this time?"

The Captain was a big man, a little stout and easy. He was a good soldier, and a just soldier of an old school his countrymen had left behind in their progress to ruthless efficiency. That is, though he could be stern and hard, he was always fair, and sometimes a little human. He was human now, for he had a wife of his own, and she was sometimes ailing.

"The woman has nothing to fear," he said; and he was going to say that perhaps some arrangement might be made, when the Sergeant came to him and said that all the troopers were in their quarters and everything was settled.

When he heard that the Captain, not with apology, but with a note of kindness in his voice, said, "I'm afraid it cannot be helped. We cannot go elsewhere now." The Sergeant, instead of retiring, had remained. His shrewd eyes had examined the two brothers, his glance had taken in all the details of the kitchen, and he had begun to speak to the Lieutenant. Albert had seen this, but he had not lost his nerve.

"Very well, then," he said to the Captain, "we must do the best we can for you. But my brother had better speak to his wife, so that she will not come upon the soldiers suddenly—that would be painful to her." He swung about to face his brother, and his eyes had a meaning for Jan. "You had better go and tell Mary," he finished, and Jan understood what he meant. He muttered a surly "Very well," and walked towards the door.

But the Lieutenant was at the door before him, and the Sergeant was at the Lieutenant's elbow.

Jan had courage, and now that he had command of himself he had wits also. The surprise he affected was excellent, and his voice, when he spoke, was more angry than fearful—

but perhaps that was real. He said, rather contemptuously—

"Will you stand aside? My wife is in the room behind that door, and I want to warn her before the sight of you and your troopers frightens her." The Lieutenant said nothing at all, but he looked at the Sergeant. The Sergeant looked at Jan, from toes to hair—a strong, searching look.

"I'm about sure that's the one," he said. Jan swore at both of them, and made an angry gesture, as though to force his way past the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant, however, possessed the most powerful effort of argument. He had it unpounded in a flash. Jan stopped dead as soon as the automatic pistol pointed at his chest. The big Captain had not stirred at all, but he had grown sterner. As the Lieutenant's pistol came out, he asked what all this trouble was.

"You remember the Sergeant telling us that he saw a man standing behind a tree—when he thought he wasn't seen, of course—making notes of our artillery lines. Well, the Sergeant says this is the man."

[Continued on Page XVII.]



The two men had only time to exchange one look of terror.



1914: The fisherman and his Gillie.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.



1915: The fisherman and his Gillie.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.

Continued from Page 257

"The Sergeant," said Jan, without emotion, "is a liar."

The Captain was particularly stern.

"You're certain, Sergeant?" he demanded.

"Almost," said the Sergeant. "This fellow's the same build. He has th' same way o' carryin' his shoulders. The same figure."

"No more than that?" said the Captain hardly. "Didn't you see his face, man?"

"He was a good way away, and he was gone before I c'd get at 'im. But I c'n swear to this chap's figure."

Jan was tongue-tied, but Albert's wits were sharp enough.

"That means you could swear to my figure too. You could swear to the figure of all our blood-relatives, and to half the people of this district for the matter of that. We're all built the same here." He turned to the Captain. "To see a man in the distance and then say you can recognise his figure isn't proof."

"Ho, that's all right," said the Sergeant. "I've got my proof." He faced both men deliberately, examining them carefully. "It might have bin you, o' course," he spat at Albert; "you're like. I own I might 'a' made a mistake in that. But my proof makes no mistake. Th' man I saw," he spoke deliberately, "th' man I saw had on a brown coat, an', wot is more, that coat were torn—torn bad on the back. I'd pick it out in a hundred. Find that coat, and that's finding my man."

Jan had gone very pale; he was not thinking of himself, he was thinking of Mary. If they killed him, he didn't mind; but his killing would mean the death of Mary in the condition she was in, and that thought weakened him with a tremendous fear. Albert was thinking the same thing also, but it affected him differently. His eyes were hard, but he laughed ironically. The Captain turned to him as he laughed, eyeing him severely.

"You don't believe the Sergeant," he said. He was even a little relieved that he might not, after all, have to shoot Jan, an act repugnant to him as a happily married man. He saw hope in Albert's laughter, and he was just going to put a question or two that would clear up the matter when Mary herself came into the room. Mary was carrying the brown coat.

She stopped directly she was in the room, not so much at the sight of the soldiers, but at the exclamation of the Sergeant.

The Sergeant had sworn cheerfully, and then he had cried—

"I sed it was a brown coat—it is a brown coat. An' look at th' mendid tear in it."

Jan could do nothing at all. He could only stare at his wife who, he thought, had condemned him to death. It was Albert who again showed sense in action—though he had probably made up his mind already as to what he would do. In any case he did it briskly. He jumped towards Mary to snatch the coat from her, and, as he jumped, he called out—

"Mary, oh, Mary, why *did* you bring my coat in?"

He might have got hold of the coat, but the Sergeant was there first.

The Sergeant grabbed the coat with his left hand, and in his



Jan stopped dead as soon as the automatic pistol pointed at his chest.

right was the largest type of service revolver. He held this in a line with Albert's stomach, and its intention was obvious. The coat he flung from him so neatly that it fell at the feet of the Captain, and, as it fell, he said

"If the fellow hasn't taken the note-book out, it should be in the pocket. An' the note-book'll tell ye about him better'n me."

He held Albert at arm's length while the Captain examined the coat. He found the note-book in it, and what was in the note-book was final.

"This'll do," he said. "Take your man, Sergeant. . . . The blackguard's a spy. Shoot him out of hand."

It was here that Jan called out loudly.

"No," he shouted. "By the Lord, this won't do! I can't allow this."

And Albert snarled at him savagely—"You shut up. This hasn't got anything to do with you. You look after your wife Mary—and shut your mouth."

Jan was startled at the mention of his wife's name, but he was not quite silenced. He moved towards the Captain.

"Look here, this is all wrong," he cried. "My brother has done nothing at all. You've made a bad mistake."

"There is nothing to make a mistake about in this book. Unless, of course"—he turned to Albert—"unless, of course, this book—"

"The book's mine," said Albert sullenly. "Do you think I like owning to it—and getting what's coming through owning?"

To Jan he said, "You're only getting yourself mixed up in this by talking—you and Mary."

Jan was silent when Albert insisted on Mary. He knew his brother's reason for his act.

The Sergeant was already yelling up a file of the guard. The Captain was looking at the book, and looking at Jan and Mary. He remembered the stern precepts of his army—the rather ruthless precepts with which the old, warmer type of soldier within him did not agree. He was also remembering that he, too, was a married man. He said to Albert in a voice that hesitated in its sternness—

"But this man may be in with you; he's your brother—you all live under the same roof."

Albert swore at him.

"Didn't you hear his surprise just now, and his trying to prove to you that I couldn't have done this? Doesn't that prove he had no idea of what I've done? Did your Sergeant see two of us, or one only? Ain't the facts enough, or do you want to kill the whole family, my brother's wife as well as me and him? I did it—I own to it. I'm owning to it because I don't want you to kill the innocent as well as the guilty. Isn't that enough for you?"

The Captain, it must be said again, was a comfortable and pleasantly married man when he was at home. The facts were enough for him. He nodded to the Sergeant.

Albert went out to the waiting file. Stepping briskly, the lot moved off.

Jan got her away before she could hear the volley.

(100) 150



The Captain examined the coat. He found the note-book in it, and what was in the note-book was final.



TALES OF ARMAGEDDON—IV. COURAGE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE Captain was a young man with a century or so of applied knowledge sitting behind his glance. He was a hard and hickory-tough creature, and so lean that he appeared to have reduced the flesh on his frame by scientific process to the least amount possible for physical existence. The skin of his face seemed to have been thoroughly oak-tanned: it was the just and perfect shade of brown despaired of and desired by the young men who sing the tenor thingummies on the stage. From this facial distemper of perfection his blue-grey eyes shone out so brilliantly that he seemed to have his own sun behind them. He sat on his horse very quietly, his brows drawn down a little, and his quick, strong mouth puzzled.

Behind him a long train of staggering wagons came groaning up the slope. They moved with all the slow rheumatism of a convoy, because, indeed, they formed a convoy. The first wagon and many others were drawn by beefy and hairy-hocked horses, and even these strong brutes were finding their loads exacting. On the wagons men in frowsy service dress drowsed at the reins; and other soldiers, perched high up on the loads, nursed their rifles, slept, or chewed straws in a manner Homerically apathetic. In the road, or moving on the turf beside it, *blasés* and dust-caked cavalrymen were strung out to the entire length of the convoy on both sides. They were of the Captain's cavalry, and they formed part of the escort. The sun-steeped country was hot, drowsy, and vacant. The rest of the bare hill-side up which the convoy crawled, as well as the flat plain beyond the river towards which the convoy was going, was utterly empty and stagnant. The convoy and its escort occupied the landscape. There was nothing else living or moving to be seen. And there was no sign at all of an enemy.

All the same the Captain sat his horse looking down at the river, especially at that part of the river where the road sank to the ford, to rise again through the low cutting that took it up the rather steep bank into the plain. And as the Captain looked he was frowning. At the Captain's side was a Sergeant, as wooden as all Sergeants, but with the bright eyes of all Sergeants—the eyes that see most things—glinting in his red face. The Lieutenant was alongside the Sergeant, and the Lieutenant was thinking warm and slightly contemptuous thoughts of his Captain, as is the way with some Lieutenants when they are redundantly young. The Lieutenant thought they ought to be down the slope and across the ford in one time, and no error. He was thinking of offering Captain Verreker smelling-salts and other cautious and feminine things, for he was fed up with Verreker's mammothine caution over mouse-big things. He looked at the Captain with the look that decimates (subaltern strength), and he touched his horse so that it went dancing nattily to the side of Verreker's raw-bone mile-eater. When he had arrived, he said in an airy and translucent way—

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"Think they've put an army div. under the bushes on the other side? Shall I take a section and scout 'em out?" It will be perceived that the Lieutenant's strong suit was irony; oh, mordant stuff! It was also, of course, perfectly obvious to the meanest intelligence that there was nothing on the other side for many miles but good rose-soil. There was not enough cover for a full-bodied cat.

Captain Verreker took his eyes from the river and looked at the Sergeant. There might have been a Lieutenant in the district, but he was not perfectly apparent. Captain Verreker said to the Sergeant—

"How do you like it?"

The Sergeant weighed his answer in the delicate balances of his brain. It was obvious that Napoleon was going to be put outside the pale by the sagacity of the retort. He said slowly.

"Well, Sir, it looks all right; but you never know, Sir."

The Lieutenant gurgled. He had reached the end of his time-fuse. He perfectly understood that it was against nature that all this mature reflection should produce so little. He cried impatiently—

"It looks perfectly all right to me. There's nobody there. There's no cover for anybody if they were there. In any case, we know that there isn't the slightest chance of the enemy being hereabouts. They're not in decent force anywhere within miles of this, and they were never in decent force even in the few days they were here. Now, when they're safely walled out by our front, it fluffs me how you can think that they could be about."

Verreker smiled a little; the Sergeant grinned; and the Lieutenant felt young and got red. While he was getting red the Captain had forgotten him and was examining the river through his glasses. When he had looked, he said disembodiedly

"Who said there was anybody there?"

The Lieutenant remembered the Sergeant's grin, and he resented feeling too young. "Then why on earth hang about?" he said snappily. "We're about as progressive as a funeral."



"Well, Sir, it looks all right; but you never know, Sir."

"Good word, funeral," said Verreker, and his glass examined the river and its banks inch by inch.

The long convoy came groaning and snuffing to the crest. It rolled forward creaking. The Sergeant turned in his saddle and held his hand upright. The train bumped and snapped and rattled to a sullen halt. The men on the drivers' perches swayed a little and then went to sleep once more. The Service men and infantry

[Continued overleaf.]



The Trench Garden.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONAS.

on the wagons nursed their rifles, slept, and chewed straws with inviolable apathy. The troopers of the escort got off their horses, and, holding the reins, lay down on the turf and went to sleep. The dry sun beat down upon the dusty earth and made the whole world drowsy.

The Captain lowered his glasses but kept his eyes fixed on the river, as though he expected something sinister to happen there directly he allowed his glance to stray.

"Nothing obvious," he said, and the Sergeant answered him at once.

"No, Sir. Shall I ride through, Sir?"

Verreker shook his head in refusal.

"I'll do that," he said. He kicked his horse gently and went clicking down the slope. The Lieutenant's horse moved a little as the Captain went forward, and Verreker turned quietly and said to the Lieutenant: "You stay here, Oxtan."

The Captain rode slowly and those who were awake watched him sleepily. His going did not interest them. It had happened before (though not to the Lieutenant), and its apparent absurd irrelevance now left them unexcited. One of the men on the first wagon began to talk about a girl he hoped to meet in the town to which they were going. He had been in the town before the enemy had rushed it a few weeks back, and he described the town in all its inns, its smells, and its glad sights. The girl was one of its glad sights. He wondered if the girl had stayed on through the short occupation of the enemy. She was a nice girl, and she had a way of cooking sorrel-soup that melted the heart of man. He thought she must be there still, because the enemy had only held the place so short a time, and with the fringes of his line only. When our chaps had hit them from the other side, they hadn't even stayed to fight. The Lieutenant heard the man's voice drowning on interminably. It stung him to irritation. He felt furious at the senseless delay. They were due to be into town that night, but at this rate they would never get there at all.

He guessed, of course, that old Verreker had reason to be cautious, though he objected to his making a mania of it. The convoy was a composite one—part commissariat, part ammunition, part Paymaster's Treasury. It was important. It was moving towards an advanced Division which had, in driving the enemy back, outrun its supplies. At the present moment the Division was facing the enemy with a depleted reserve of food and ammunition, and with precious little cash to buy more of the former. The enemy might make a move, forward or retreating, any moment, and it was necessary that the Division should be ready for that move with fully equipped resources.

The convoy represented the resources. It was the first, and by far the most important, to be hurried up towards the fighting-zone. If it arrived safely, then the Division could exist in all its efficiency for several days; that is, until the regular service had got into working order. If the convoy did not arrive, or was delayed in any way, the few days' lack of supplies might easily spell disaster, or at least a lack of effectiveness that would allow the enemy to escape.

There was need then for caution, even though it was unlikely that the enemy could have got a force through the lines to menace this point. Caution, the Lieutenant thought, was an excellent virtue, but it could be overdone, and he thought it was being overdone here in this patch of country through which they had taken a short cut by the map. The land was logically safe by all the laws of fighting; it was also as featureless and as flat as an old joke. Thinking these weighty thoughts, the Lieutenant watched the movements of the Captain with an irritable eye.

Verreker's horse picked its way down the slope with sedate slowness. Now and then it stopped, as though its energy had run

down, and the Captain sat rigid for a moment peering down at the ford, or over it at the blank and vacuous plain beyond the ford. After that he would kick his horse up, and go on for another few yards, and then do the whole trick over again. It was as painful to the Lieutenant as a doting mother forcing a child forward to recite a slow and sticky piece of frightful verse. The child pursued the same idiot policy of fits and starts. The Lieutenant glared at the Sergeant, and the Sergeant was as wooden as a Sergeant could be, fixing his eyes with a look of burning intensity on Verreker's slow back and the ford's placid surface. Verreker and the Sergeant were a pair, the Lieutenant reflected; and he was mighty glad they were not a trinity.

When Verreker reached the water's edge, he hung a long time examining the road where it sank to the river. He even dismounted, the better to peer about, and the Lieutenant thought he looked like a shabby stalling poking about for worms. Presently he mounted again, and in a moment his horse's hoofs were plashing with nervy showerings in the water. As that happened, the Lieutenant heard an exclamation at his side, and when he looked round he saw that the Captain commanding the infantry of the escort had come up to them.

The infantry Captain was a short, thick, globular man who had the habit of carrying geniality to excess. The Lieutenant, without precise examination of the fellow, felt the good humour of his presence, and he said, glad to relieve the prevailing tedium—

"Verreker's gone down to see if the river's warmed enough for our wagon teams." It must be recalled that the Lieutenant's strong suit was irony. The irony did not click. The little infantryman was surprising. He blew a strong, nervous breath through his teeth, and he said—

"My Lord, that man Verreker's got some sand!"

The Lieutenant could not believe his ears. He looked at the infantryman, and he was astonished to see the round and comic face set in almost tragic lines of seriousness. He looked at the Sergeant—he feared that he had missed something he should have seen. The Sergeant's face was startling. Under the brick-red of the scorched skin there was a pallid gleam. Also, the man was sweating hard.

Verreker was well into the river now. His horse was going at a walk, and he was moving it this way and that, quattering the bed so that not one yard's space should escape the tread. The Lieutenant's perplexity changed to a vague uneasiness. He swung to the infantryman, and the infantryman, who had been examining him, smiled.

"From your attitude towards life," he said, "I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that that ford might be mined."

The Lieutenant, as he looked down at the small, distant figure of his Captain, was at once conscious that his heart was hammering violently. The entire complexion of Verreker's action had now changed. The Lieutenant perceived not a man who was prone to old-womanly caution, but a creature guilty of almost foolhardy rashness. He saw a man who had deliberately put himself in the way of being blown out of existence at a moment's notice. He knew what mines were. At the pressure of a foot the hidden hell would burst upward with appalling force. The Lieutenant seemed to hang as though over an enormous depth, waiting with an excruciating intentness while Verreker slowly and systematically felt about the bottom of the ford for something that would blow him to bits.

The process lasted for eternities—that is, for twelve minutes. The cavalry Captain went over the ground thoroughly, leaving no yard untouched. At every tick of the watch the Lieutenant expected to hear that terrible roar, expected to see that terrible up-spouting of water and mud and flame, and thick smoke that would signal the death of an exceedingly brave man. Nothing

(Continued on Page XXIV.)



She had a way of cooking sorrel-soup that melted the heart of man.



THE SACRIFICE—

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT.



— AND ITS REWARD.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT.

happened. Verreker went forward with the impulse of a snail, testing the river bottom methodically. The man's courageous exactitude seemed of an order of courage almost inhuman. Death might be his at the flash of any moment, but he did not for an instant relax his systematic exploration.

The Lieutenant could see that the infantry Captain and the Sergeant were both sweating. He touched his own forehead with a wobbly hand, and his own forehead was wet too. He felt inclined to shout, but he knew that shouting would be absurd, and it might be dangerous.

Verreker's horse rose out of the water on to the further bank. It seemed all over now. The Lieutenant was all but choked by his great sigh of relief. But in a blazing instant the sigh changed to an oath. He heard the infantryman exclaim, and he heard the Sergeant moan "Oh, my Gawd!"

Verreker, quite clear of the river, had suddenly pulled his horse on to its haunches. He had swung the animal round in a wildly clattering moment, and—"Now," thought the Lieutenant, "now it's coming!" He almost cringed. There should have been a vile explosion. There was no explosion. Verreker was steady again; he sat his quietened animal like a statue. He was quiet again himself, and his eyes were bent

"All right now, Sergeant, I think," they heard his far-off voice call. "Drive a few bullocks across first, anyhow."

The Sergeant had almost smiled—he certainly cursed profoundly in the gladness of his relief. In a few moments he had collected a bunch of cattle, and brought them to the top of the slope. "Better stay 'ere, Sir, fer th' moment," he said to the Lieutenant, and then he drove his fool cattle at a gallop down the slope, through the ford to the other side. Nothing happened to them. Even before Verreker had waved his hand, the infantryman, with a "That's all serene, thank the Lord!" had turned about and was snapping orders.

With lurchings and snappings and creakings, the drowsy convoy stirred in its sleep and went oozing down to the ford.

An hour later, when the last clump of bored cavalry had splashed through the ford and had passed it by some hundred yards, the Lieutenant, with timidity begot of a consciousness of inexperience, came to Verreker's side. He had the Knowledge-is-Power look. Verreker had a wire in his hand, one end of it. The other end seemed to end in the river bank. The wire didn't help ideas.

"Well," said the Lieutenant, "well, I say, what was it?"



"My Lord, that man Verreker 's got some sand!"

downward once more with his exacting and vigilant scrutiny. The Lieutenant hung in space. He felt that he was suspended from the heavens in a glass jar from which all air and sound had been sucked by an immense and powerful instrument. Verreker was painful to look at. Verreker was acting with the deliberation of eternities.

The Captain had now slipped from his saddle. He bent very close to the ground, and seemed to follow with his eyes something that crossed the road low down. In a moment his hand went into his pocket, came out, and then went downward. He did something with overweening care near the ground, straightened, strained backwards, jerking his hands as though pulling on a rope.

"Crr!" exclaimed the infantryman, and "Oh, my Gawd!" said the Sergeant again, in his limited vocabulary. In both voices was the accent of fear.

Away on the right of the bank something jumped in the earth. A little trickle of mould slithered down and rolled into the river without splash. The distant figure flung something away from him. Then he bent, picked up another object, and with that in his hand walked slowly up the road, still examining the road with inordinate care; his horse walked after him. For a minute he was half obliterated in the cutting, then he appeared on the bank overhanging the river. For a moment he stood there, moving his hand very carefully, like a man getting a long piece of string over an obstacle. Then he looked up to the waiting men.

Verreker was amiable and smiling. He said quietly, "Mind your ears," and then he pulled on the wire.

The river bank burst in thunder. It did not earthquake, but it turned itself into a sort of gun. A great mass of stone and earth and rock and old iron went hurling across the water. It struck out full across the ford. If the convoy had been crossing, the wagons that would have been in the water would have been annihilated. A great pile of wreckage of men and horses and carts would have piled up in the path of the ford. The disaster would have been ugly and terrible. The Lieutenant looked as scared as he felt.

"Have you ever heard of a *fougasse*?" said Verreker. "Because, if you have or you haven't, that's one. It's an earth-gun dug into the river bank. If impetuous youth, with his jolly convoy behind, had charged over this ford, impetuous youth would have been mangled to mince, and his convoy with him. His horse would have hit the trip-wire, which I cut, and the trip-wire would have fired the bottled mine—probably by pulling the trigger of a rifle—and the rest would be mess. I don't want to improve the shining hour, but fords ain't things to be crossed one time. Sometimes they're mined, sometimes they're this."

But the Lieutenant wasn't thinking of his folly, and he didn't mind the lecture. He was thinking of the quiet man who had walked his horse through the river, feeling that perhaps he was walking it over the roof of hell. The Lieutenant felt he would take anything from a man who could do that.

[THE END.]